

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 53—No. 47.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1875.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY. The Programme will include: Overture, *Der Freyschutz* (Weber); Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra in G minor (Mendelssohn); Symphony (MS.) in B flat, No. 5 (Schubert), second time of performance; Overture, "Egmont" (Beethoven). Vocalists—Miss Sophie Löwe, Mdmé Patey. Pianoforte—Mdmé Annette Esapoff. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Transferable stalls for the Series (19 Concerts), Two Guineas and a Half; stall for a Single Concert, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Admission to Palace, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

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MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, HARLEY STREET, W.—SECOND SESSION, 1875-6. SECOND MONTHLY MEETING, MONDAY, December 6th. At 8 p.m. punctually a Paper will be read by WILLIAM POLE, Esq., F.R.S., Mus. Doc. Oxon.: "On the Graphic Representation of Intervals, with Illustrations of the Construction of the Scale." CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.

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MDME ANTOINETTE STERLING begs to announce that she will be detained in New York by Engagements there until Christmas, and cannot return to London until early in January. In the meanwhile, all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS after that time addressed to her at her residence, 8, St George's Square, Belgravia, S.W., will receive immediate attention.

MR C. WARWICK JORDAN, Mus. Bac., Oxon., begs to announce (in consequence of many recent applications) that he is at present unable to undertake any further Tuition in Harmony, by post, or other Musical study. He will have vacancies for Two Pupils in the latter part of December.—8, Heath Terrace, Lewisham, S.E.

HERMANN FRANKE (Concertmeister, from Dresden) Principal Violin and Soloist of Mr Edward De Jong's Orchestra, Manchester, begs that all applications for ENGAGEMENTS as Soloist, and for Lessons, in London and elsewhere, be addressed to Mr W. B. HEALEY, care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.
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"Mdmé Nilsson was heard to great advantage in two ballads by J. W. Davison, 'I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden' and 'Sweet Village Bells'; compositions at once elegant, scholarly, and refined, and fit to be regarded as purely classical."—*Standard*.

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"The Maiden's Tear,' by Lillie Albrecht, Second Réverie for the pianoforte, is a good and useful teaching piece, calculated only to justify its title in the case of the union of two such elements as incompetency in the pupil and irritation on the part of the master."—*Morning Post*, February 3rd, 1875.

"The Maiden's Tear,' Second Réverie for the pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht. Brilliant and full of feeling, this Réverie may take its rank with the best of Mr Sidney Smith's compositions."—*Young Englishwoman*, May, 1875.

"The Maiden's Tear,' Second Réverie for the pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht. A carefully conceived and well studied composition; the composer is evidently a zealous student, and she has apparently much natural ability."—*Hornet*, April 23, 1875.

"The Maiden's Tear,' by Lillie Albrecht. After the style of Brinley Richards, this drawing-room piece is brilliant without being difficult, and shows both talent and knowledge of the laws of musical composition on the part of the composer, who is, we believe, a very young lady."—*The Drawing Room Gazette*, June 19th, 1875.

"The Maiden's Tear,' Second Réverie for the pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht. This charming piece evinces in its style throughout no small share of original talent, as well as sparkling and artistic cultivation, it being full of delicate and plaintive feeling. We have no doubt that it will be very popular, both in the concert-room and saloon."—*Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, May, 1875.

"The Maiden's Sigh' and 'The Maiden's Tear,' two reveries for the pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht. These are both from the pen of a highly talented and proficient pianiste, and are of considerable merit. The first is a pretty little exercise, and the fingering is excellent; the second is far prettier, and as a *morceau de salon* has exceptional merit, whilst at the same time it is unconventional."—*Public Opinion*.

GRÉTRY AND SOME OF HIS WORKS.*

On Friday, the 11th February,† 1870, *Zémire et Azor* was performed at the Theatre, Liège, to celebrate the 129th anniversary of the birth of Grétry. The opera bears date the 16th November, 1771, so that it was then nearly a hundred years old. This is a good age, is it not? Does the reader know many musical works destined to live as long?

Every great composer has three epochs: 1. The epoch when he is the fashion; 2. The epoch when he is old fashioned (*démodé*); and 3. The epoch when, being altogether beyond any question of fashion, he is no longer judged by the form of isolated pieces of composition, but by the value of his ideas. Grétry has long since reached the last epoch. Referring to *Zémire et Azor*, the composer thus expresses himself in his *Memoirs*:—

"This work occupied me during the winter of 1770; it was an almost continuous source of enjoyment to me while engaged upon it, because I felt it to be, in its expression, true and vigorous at one and the same time; I even consider it would be a difficult task to combine more truth of expression, of melody, and of harmony."

The immense success of the work justified this paternal praise. In Paris and the French provinces, people would listen to nothing but *Zémire et Azor*, and the dogged attachment of the public for it gave rise, at Marseilles, to a horrible scene, which stained the theatre with blood. In his *Essais sur la Musique*, Laborde says that, when in Germany, he went to three different performances in one day, and that *Zémire et Azor* was played at each of them, in German, Flemish, and French, respectively. In London there was an Italian translation. The only thing added was a rondo, not by Grétry. After hearing it, the audience exclaimed, "No more of the rondo; it does not belong to the piece." The revival of *Zémire et Azor* on the 28th June, 1846, at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, served for the *début* of the tenor Jourdan, of whom Brussels retains so favourable a recollection. Adolphe Adam had touched up the score on the occasion. Several pamphlets thereupon appeared, full of rage, and anathematizing Adam, whom they branded as guilty of *profanation*. The last revival of the piece took place at the same theatre on the 15th September, 1862. The music, pure from any alloy, was then given in its primitive integrity. Warot obtained a great success in it.

"The score," says M. Paul de Saint-Victor, "has grown old undoubtedly, but it has done so after the fashion of fairies, without losing aught of its charms or power of fascination. Its physiognomy is somewhat faded in one or two places, but its soul, delicate and naive, ingenuous and tender, still preserves the bloom of its youth."

"Here at least," says Berlioz, in his turn, "we have music. The characters sing; and, if in all the numbers we find, above everything, truth (as Grétry said), and correct declamation, these qualities do not prevent us from remarking some charming melodies."

But let us go back a century. Let us open *La Correspondance littéraire* of Grimm, and allow the celebrated critic to speak, as though on the day after the representation of the opera.

"*Zémire and Azor* appeared with much success at Court during the last visit to Fontainebleau; they afterwards showed themselves in the full light of publicity at Paris, on the 16th December, 1771, where they met with the same reception. A desire was expressed to see their father and mother, that is: the pit called, with loud cries, for the authors. The composer, M. Grétry, was led forward by the actors; the poet, M. Marmontel, disappeared in time to escape the honours of a theatrical ovation. I do not know why the gentleman in the pit did not do Mad. de Beaumont the honour of calling for her too. It is in her *Magasin des Enfants* that you may have read the charming story of *La Belle et la Bête*. This is the subject put on the stage by M. Marmontel, under the title of *Zémire et Azor*. *Zémire* is Beauty, and *Azor*, the Beast. Certain wits have said *la Belle* was the music, and *la Bête*, the words; but wits do not pride themselves on being always equitable, and such points are too easily made for us to attach any value to them."

"God has accorded to France that charming musician Grétry, but the tongue which he has the misfortune to interpret in music will never allow him to soar as high as the great masters of Italy. The Ausonian eagle, always dragging itself along by the side of the

Limousin duck, will insensibly forget how to rise into the air, and will lose its power of soaring aloft. I fancy I remarked in *Zémire et Azor* several turns of melody after the French fashion, and these, in my opinion, angur badly. To forestall the results of these evil symptoms, M. Grétry should, from time to time, retreat the road to Italy, for the purpose of refreshing there his brain and renewing his ideas; it is a misfortune for a man to be unique in his style, and the only one in his native land who can write it. There is no communication of ideas, no friction; a man expends always—continually—without ever replenishing his riches; and who can fancy himself sufficiently wealthy to stand in the long run such a drain on his resources, and guarantee himself from exhaustion?

"It is the third act which made the fortune of *Zémire et Azor*, and, in the third act, is the trio of the magic picture, between the father and his two remaining daughters. This trio is accompanied only by clarionets, horns, and bassoons, placed behind the magic picture, while the orchestra is silent; this is very charming, and produced a most favourable effect. I must, to satisfy my vanity, relate an anecdote in reference to this number. Wishing to learn my opinion of his work, Grétry asked me, last summer, to hear the principal airs in it. The day was fixed. He sat down at his harpsichord, and sang, without voice, after the fashion of a chapelmaster, that is to say, like an angel. He easily perceived the pleasure afforded me by most of the pieces. At the air of the magic picture, I said—as I had said at the preceding airs: 'That is charming.' But I said so in a very different tone, a tone of politeness rather than of feeling. I at first attributed to absence of mind on my part the little effect produced on me by the piece in question; but, reflecting the same evening, when at home, on the phenomenon, I thought I had discovered the cause of it. As the success of the air struck me as of the highest importance for the success of the opera, I called upon Grétry next morning, to communicate my reflections to him. He allowed me to finish, and then answered: 'I perceived very well yesterday that my trio did not please you, and that you praised it simply out of politeness. This worried me all night long, and I have employed the morning in re-writing the trio.' As he said this, he sat down at his harpsichord, and sang the piece he had composed a moment before. He had chosen my tone and made use of all my observations before he heard them. I embraced him, and said, as I left: 'I see very well that, with you, advisers get up too late. Do not touch that gem again; it will make the fortune of your work.' It was the piece of the magic picture which achieved so great a success, and which you will find in the score. It is made out of nothing."

"Grétry has a gentle and delicate physiognomy, and the pale air of a man of genius. He is an agreeable companion. He has married a young wife, with a pair of very dark eyes; a hazardous thing to do for any one with so delicate a chest as his. He is better, however, since his marriage; * and the Comte de Creuzet says 'we must glorify the Most High for it.'"

Most of Grétry's comic operas have been translated and played in Germany, England, Italy, Flanders, Holland, Sweden, Russia, &c. The Liège composer has found beyond the limits of France the success and the glory which appeared previously to be reserved exclusively for those Italian or German musicians whom Paris had attracted within its orbit. We may say that, from his time, French opera ceased to live circumscribed within the confines of the land of its birth. The subjoined letter speaks of the brilliant reception accorded to Grétry's comic operas in Italy. It is from Etienne Floquet,‡ who was travelling in that country to complete his musical studies, and is a praiseworthy and too rare example of deference on the part of a young artist towards a master:

"Florence, the 13th September, 1776.

"Monsieur Grétry,—I take advantage, Sir, of a happy and very agreeable moment to write and compliment you on the success your operas have in Italy. There has just passed through Florence a company of French actors, who have performed *Lucile*, *Les deux*

* A year previous to this, Grimm had already predicted the approaching end of Grétry, whose health was always very delicate. The composer, however, who was not then thirty, lived forty-three years longer, and was even contrary enough to bury his friend, the false prophet. The one died in 1807, and the other in 1813.

† Ambassador of Sweden at Paris, and a patron of Grétry's.

‡ Etienne Joseph Floquet, born at Aix, in Provence, the 10th May, 1750, was a musician almost unknown, and yet worthy of a better fate, for, according to M. Arthur Pougin, who devoted to him a special essay (*Revue et Gazette Musicale*, June, 1863), Floquet contributed to the progress of musical art in France.

* From *Le Guide Musical*.

† It was on the 8th and not the 14th February that Grétry was born, as proved by the baptismal register.

Avares, and *Zémire et Azor*, with astonishing success. *Zémire et Azor* excited perfect fanaticism, although represented without scenery and by mediocre singers. You are ranked here above all other composers in the same style. The Marquis de Liquiville, a relation of the Grand Duke's, and a great contrapuntist, told me, one day that I had gone to dine with him, that a single number of *Zémire et Azor* was worth all the Italian comic operas written for the last thirty years. All your motives are thought charming, and your airs full of grace, expression, and the finest pathos, according to the situation. The quartet in *Lucile* was recommenced three times amid astonishing applause. I relate to you, Sir, things just as they have taken place. You owe a debt of thanks to *signor Rutini*, Chapelmaster at this Court, and a man of high merit, who conducted all the rehearsals with the same exactitude as if the works had belonged to him; and, on the days of performance, himself sat down at the harpsichord to make the orchestra go properly. *Zémire et Azor* is being translated into Italian, and I think that, in a little time, it will be seen on every stage in Italy. My idea is that you should insert this letter in the public papers,* in order that our dearly loved nation may be convinced that we have fine music in France, and that it is rather useless to kill one's self in having Italian operas translated, when Italy herself translates our works. Enjoy your success. They speak of you incessantly in this country, and Italy claims you as one of her children. I have nearly reached the end of my journey, which I have endeavoured to render as profitable as possible. May I, like you, Sir, continue to please my nation, and merit the suffrages of all Europe which applauds your productions. I have the honour to be, with the most perfect consideration, etc. "FLOUQUET."

MUSICAL MUTUAL PROTECTIVE UNION.

(Continued from page 729.)

BY-LAWS. ARTICLE IX.

SECT. 1.—*Italian, German, English, and French Operas.* A season to consist of three or more weeks, of not more than six performances per week. The salary shall not be less than 35 dols. for the first, and 30 dols. for the second instruments, per week. If less than three weeks, 7 dols. for every performance per man, including one rehearsal; every additional rehearsal, 2 dols. per man. All evening rehearsals the same as a performance. Every extra musician engaged in the orchestra shall receive 7 dols. for each performance, including one rehearsal, except the band employed on the stage. For extra musicians required on the stage, 4 dols. per man, including one rehearsal; each additional rehearsal, 2 dols. per man. Leader of the band on the stage, 8 dols. for each performance.

SECT. 2.—*Operettas, or Opera Bouffe.* A season of three or more weeks, 25 dols. a week per man. Single performances, 6 dols. including one rehearsal; each additional rehearsal, 2 dols. per man. All evening rehearsals the same as a performance.

SECT. 3.—*Theatres.* All Theatres in the City, or Brooklyn, not less than 15 dols. per week. Leaders to receive not less than 30 dols., and Repetiteurs not less than 20 dols. per week. Extra performances, in proportion to weekly salaries. Any spectacular or other plays or pieces, with more than one ballet, shall, in all cases, pay the members of the orchestra twenty dols. per week, for six performances. Matinées, in proportion to weekly salaries. Evening rehearsals to be the same as performances. Museum, for six afternoon and six evening performances, not less than 18 dols. per week. Single Theatrical or miscellaneous performances, of less than two weeks, 5 dols. per night. For two weeks 25 dols. per week. Band, playing on the balcony, 12 dols. per week.

SECT. 4.—*Circuses.* 18 dols. per week for evening performances; day performances, 1 dol. 50 cents each. Leaders to receive not less than 30 dols. per week. *Menageries.* For evening performances, 15 dols. per week; day performances, 1 dol. 50 cents each. Leaders to receive not less than 25 dols. per week.

SECT. 5.—*Gardens.* For every performance, from 7.30 to 11.30 P.M., 18 dols. per week, and the customary usages, Sundays excepted. Extra time and performances in proportion. Extra

musicians, employed to increase the strength of those orchestras on Sundays, or other days, for a single performance of four hours or less, 5 dols. For two performances on same day, 8 dols. Extra time in proportion.

SECT. 6.—*Watering Places.*—a. [Band of seven or more.] For one or two performances, one during the day and one in the evening, 20 dols.; Leaders, 40 dols. per week. For three performances, 25 dols.; Leaders, 50 dols. per week. b. [Band of three to six.] For one or two performances, one during the day and one in the evening, 20 dols.; Leaders, 35 dols. per week. For three performances, 25 dols.; Leaders, 45 dols. per week. c. [Band of two.] For one or two performances, one during the day, and one in the evening, 20 dols., and the Leader 30 dols. per week. For three performances, 25 dols.; Leader, 35 dols. per week. d. [One man.] For one or two performances, one during the day and one in the evening, 25 dols. per week. For three performances, 30 dols. per week. The day performances not to exceed one hour. One hop night during the week excepted. In all cases where the German is danced, 2 dols. extra per man will be charged. Board, lodging and travelling expenses to be furnished and paid by the proprietor.

SECT. 7.—*Private Parties, Weddings and Sociables,* not to exceed five hours, counted from the time the music is ordered to be present, if one man is engaged, 8 dols.; two, 15 dols.; three, 22 dols. All above that number, 7 dols. per man, and double for Leader. In all cases where the German is danced, 2 dols. will be charged per man above all other charges. One dollar per man to be charged for each hour over five as above.

SECT. 8.—*Concerts or Oratorios.* 7 dols. including one private rehearsal; each additional rehearsal, if private, 2 dols.; if public, 3 dols. per man. A season to consist of three or more weeks, of from four to six concerts per week. For six concerts, per week, 36 dols.; for four concerts, per week, 28 dols. Military, promenade, and open air concerts, 6 dols.; if any dancing after the concert, 1 dol. extra per hour will be charged for each man. Church music, in the morning or afternoon, 7 dols. per man.

SECT. 9.—*Balls.* At all theatres or opera houses in New York or Brooklyn, 9 dols. All other balls, including Kraenzdrens, in the City, Brooklyn, Jersey City, or Hoboken; surprise parties and hops at armouries, engine houses, and all public halls, 7 dols., supper or no supper. All balls not to exceed eight hours, and to terminate at 5 A.M., every additional hour, 1 dol. extra per man.

SECT. 10.—*Concerts and Balls given by singing societies* (both on the same evening), 9 dols. per man, including one rehearsal; each additional rehearsal, 1 dol. extra per man. For playing at concert only, 6 dols. per man.

(To be continued.)

PROMENADE CONCERT.

At the Royal Italian Opera-house, on Wednesday, Signor Arditì gave a "last Gounod night." The overture to *Le Medecin Malgré lui* (*The Mock Doctor*), the Bohemian dance, from *La Nonne Sanglante*; an entr'acte from *La Colombe*; a "Saltarello"; the grand march and the new ballet music in *Faust*; the overture to *Mireille*; the ballet music, and "Marche et Cortège," from *La Reine de Saba*; the "Funeral March of a Marionette," and the air "La Stagione arriva" (*Mireille*), arranged as a solo for the ophicleide (Mr Hughes), were the instrumental, and "Ho messo nuove" (*Biondina*, No. 5) and "Quando a te lieta" (*Faust*), respectively sung by Mr Pearson and Miss Alice Fairman (the latter "encored"), were the vocal pieces. The whole formed a rich treat to the admirers of the celebrated French composer's music, who mustered in large numbers, and redemanded unanimously the "Saltarello" and "Funeral March," both of which were capitally played by the orchestra, under the experienced guidance of Signor Arditì. The second part of the programme was, as usual, miscellaneous. Middle Anna Mehlig played Weber's Polonaise in brilliant style, and was twice recalled. A new valse "Henriette," by C. Coote, introducing popular airs, by the accomplished composer of "The King and I," and Meyerbeer's "Royal Wedding March" (*Quatrième marche aux flambeaux*), composed for the marriage of the Princess Royal of England, and introducing the National Anthem, were the chief features of interest.

* It was inserted in *Le Mercure de France*, November, 1776.

MEFISTOFELE.

A NEW ITALIAN OPERA BY A NEW ITALIAN COMPOSER.

(From a Special Italian Correspondent.)

(Concluded from page 767.)

To affirm to what school M. Boito belongs is a difficult matter; in strict truth, we should say that he belongs to *his own school*; but to give an idea nearer to truth we might add, however paradoxical it may seem to some people, that he stays between the *Puritani* of Bellini, the *Lohengrin* of Wagner, and the music of Chopin. He has, of the first, the delicacy of sentiment, and the calm serenity; of the second, the efficacy and strength of the symphonical descriptive element; of the last, the elegance and ideality. Never too obsequious to form, he is not even obsequious to the independence of form—he follows a logical train of thought. Where the situation requires a recitative, he makes a recitative; where it requires a melody, a melody; where a dialogue, a dialogue; where a concerted piece, a concerted piece: thus the exigencies of the development of the drama determine the various forms of the poetry, and the forms of the poetry determine the form, kind, and succession of the musical pieces. The melody is abundant, easy, spontaneous, and new; melody, the source of which was thought to be dried up with the death of Bellini. Except two phrases in the fourth act, which are taken from an *adagio* of Beethoven, in the whole opera there are no reminiscences of any other musical work: and in all this novelty there is nothing abstruse to seek consideration as an original writer, nothing that thwarts the beautiful, under a pretext of following the real. When he seeks his melodies, M. Boito does not certainly consult the piano; he consults his mind, his heart, and the inward essence of the idea that is to be set to music. Thence he takes the beautiful, the spontaneity and the novelty; for every poetical thought, if we listen attentively, has its own melody.

The instrumental parts also follow the exigencies of the drama, which is developing on the stage, now being reduced to a simple accompaniment, now having the advantage of a fantastic element.

As we are writing for persons who were not present at the performance of the opera, and have not the melodrama before them, it would be superfluous to give a particular examination of the pieces; therefore we shall briefly talk of the various characters the music assumes in the principal pieces.

The first part, which, as was said, is the Prologue in Heaven, is, perhaps, the best in the opera; not because the author has worked for it with more vigour than for other parts, nor because the thoughts rose more easily in his mind; but because the poetic conception is so high, that the music following it is naturally as superior to the other parts as is superior the ideality of the poetic conception. The author gave this first part the design of the classical symphony, and added to it the chorus. It begins by the sound of seven trumpets, and the booming of seven thunders, upon which follows an *adagio*, paradoxical indeed—that is the praises of God, sung by the celestial phalanxes. When the chorus is finishing, and the echoes are still representing the last notes, Mephisto appears. The piece of the wager, though it contains a clear melody, is yet opportunely dominated by counterpoint and recitative; as the wager is laid, a brief "Sanctus" rises, and then the singing of the flying seraphims—a chorus of boys. Here M. Boito found a wonderful effect in the approaching and withdrawing of the flying band, by beginning the chorus with a single note, which is repeated very softly at first, and then loudly, and then softly again, and loudly again, whilst the orchestra gives only some long notes from the string instruments. The following song of the seraphims constitutes the *scherzo* of the symphony, and finishes again by the repeated note, which vanishes little by little in the distance. At this point arises from the earth the "Salve Regina" of the penitent woman—a grave, imposing melody, accompanied by the organ. The celestial phalanxes join their prayers to those that rise from the earth; then the orchestra adds by little and little, from the extreme heavens; the angels return, flying, with their pretty singing, the sonority grows more and more, till, after an admirable and very striking progression, all the phalanxes, angels and archangels, burst out into the great *adagio*, by which, in the beginning, the phalanxes sang the praises of God; and among new sounds and thunders the grand piece finishes. If not present at the acting of this piece, it would

be impossible for us to imagine the impression it produces; for it would be vain to seek in other authors anything that resembles it; and Schumann, who set the *Apotheosis of Faust* to music, did it on a different plan, so that there is no analogy between it and the Prologue of *Mefistofele*.

The desire of demonstrating the musical development that M. Boito has given to the other parts would carry us to tire out the patience of those who may read this correspondence; therefore we are obliged to indicate shortly the remaining parts, in which, if there is less ideality, because the action does not require it, there is, however, no less passion, elegance, and efficacy of descriptive power.

The walk at Frankfort is full of gaiety, with the sound of the bells, on which the chorus makes cadence. The music of the *Ostertag* is elegant and imposing—the situation where the grey monk—which M. Boito, according to the legend, substitutes for the spaniel—approaches Faust, closing him in an invisible circle. Another part equal to the Prologue, but on a different ground, is the Romantic Sabbath. In the Prologue there is the sublimity, in this Sabbath the honour; there the ecstasy, here the terror. The chorus of witches and sorcerers climbing on the steep rocks, and the tumultuous dance, by which it finishes, are fit for the ridges of Brocken.

PESTH.

(From a Correspondent.)

An appeal has been made to the public in favour of the two daughters of the Roman patrician, Polcelli, pupil of Haydn's, and, for a long period, conductor of Prince Esterhazy's musical establishment. One of the daughters, grand-daughter of the composer of the *Seasons*, is in a state of the greatest indigence. In this extremity, she has announced her wish to sell the last relics of Haydn—namely, a gold watch, with his name engraved on the case; a violin by Antonio Stradazio, of Cremona (1608), on which Haydn frequently played; and a collection of his manuscripts and letters.

TO DISHLEY PETERS, ESQ.

SIR,—It seems to me that the return of the Doctors to the *Musical World* has not been sufficiently appreciated. Personally I have been so pleased to see them back that I have composed a small poem, in three verses, on the subject. I have only written out the last line of each verse, and for two reasons.—Firstly, because anybody reading the poem can fill in the other lines as strongly as they please; lastly, because I can only think of one rhyme to Doctors, and that is Proctors, which could scarcely be used right through the poem:—

The Return of the Doctors.

1.

— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —
To welcome back the Doctors.

2.

— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —
Back came the glorious Doctors.

3.

— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —
That brought us back our Doctors.

ISAAC CUNNING'M GRIFFIN.

[Other Doctors have packed up portmanteau, but cannot resume office until C. L. has taken their portraits. Mr Griffin's verses are adumbrous, vague, and oversketchy—too many lines in each verse by three. We prefer those of Augustus Mayhew, Esq.:—

"Good gods! what a beautiful night,
I never saw anything similar."

But that is matter of pre-conviction.—D. P.]

ENGLISH ARTISTS DRAWN BY A COMPATRIOT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Much as one usually desires to encourage the recent development of musical art in this country, yet it can hardly be a wise course to shut one's eyes wilfully to obvious defects, and to try and take credit for merits that we do not possess.

There is plenty of musical talent and plenty of good voices to be found in this country, and our native professional singers need never really be ashamed of competing with foreigners if they would only study their art in a more artistic spirit, and cease to pander for the applause of those who regard the merit of a singer in proportion to the vigour with which he or she can deliver a prolonged high note at the conclusion of a song. A tenor may make a great effect upon a native audience by the possession of one thoroughly-good, moderately-high, and sensationally-effective note in his voice; and a singer who is fortunate enough to possess three or four good notes can, by selecting songs requiring a frequent repetition of these notes and admitting of "slurring" over the weaker notes in his voice, make a very successful effect. I have heard many singers meander through three or four verses of a popular ballad very ineffectively; but who, reserving their energy for the effective note at the close, and prolonging this note with painful determination, have gained a storm of applause—one good round; on the strength of this, they have ventured upon a repetition of the dose, and successfully saddled a weak-minded audience with an apparently intentional encore. Reporters notice the fact of an encore. In time, a singer's fame is made; no one exactly knows how; but people hear that Miss So-and-So is a *very good singer*—"always gets encored, you know." A "very good singer," whose voice, if carefully tested, would reveal, perhaps, four moderately good and certainly effective notes, and the rest not notes at all.

Undoubtedly the cause of all this is the insane desire of an uncritical public for *bravura* singing. We constantly hear effective ballads utterly spoiled by being rendered in this melodramatic style; and it is remarkable how similar are the endings of nine songs out of every ten—generally springing from a crotchet, jumping over a quaver, on to a high breve, prolonged *ad libitum*. Sometimes the effect of these vocal gymnastics is enhanced by a throwing back of the head, a dilation of the form, and a defiant wave of the arm. In the face of the really good singing we can hear, it is surprising that so much of this kind of thing goes down; it is only a proof that "palpable effect" exercises a greater influence upon an average audience than quiet, unforced excellence. Art has a great attraction for many who never *think*. Thought is required to appreciate drama. Melodrama is more popular because, no doubt, it gives a transient pleasure to the spectator, without troubling his mental complacency.

Passing from the platform to the stage, I find English singers in a still worse plight, though hardly worse than their Italian *confères*. It is only on the French stage, I fancy, that we find an artistic rendering of the lyric drama. Those who remember Schneider and company, at the Princess's, and M. Humbert's company in *Mme Angot*, at the Criterion, will understand what I mean.

There, in *bouffe*, which in England is buffoonery, I found true art. The minute detail, the exquisite finish, the utter absence of all consciousness of an audience, or of appealing for applause, by vocal *tours de force*.

What a lesson for all English vocalists was Mario Widmer's rendering of the ballad to Clairette. No standing over the foot-lights, no forcing of effective notes; but an artistic, dramatic rendering of a dramatic song like a musical soliloquy. Then the perfection of the *ensemble*, the art of Mdle Delorme, Mdle Luigini, Mdle Raphael as Lange—a delicate character vulgarized on the English stage. It is in dealing with difficult characters of this sort that the true artist is revealed. Mdle Raphael was the true artist. Art must pourtray, but never revolt. Lange was there. She was not inviting, but she was not offensive. Then the valse at the end of the second act. Real dancing. How many of our actors and actresses can *really* dance?

Opéra bouffe in English is an abomination. In French it is art—not high art, perhaps; but positively art—true art. The only kind of musical pieces which are really artistic, on the English stage, are to be found at the Strand. There is a com-

pany of artists, and their fun is real and never vulgar. *Flamingo* is very funny.

Another feature of the Humbert Company was the band. Seldom have I heard such a delicious orchestra—small, but true, well proportioned, and working as one man. In England, it appears to be forgotten that musical strength does not make an orchestra, nor the possession of great individual instrumentalists. If the members of an orchestra have not been accustomed to play together, be they the greatest living musicians, they will fail in effect. The main features of an English orchestra are: coarseness of execution, utter absence of delicate light and shade, bad proportion of instrumental selection, causing a disagreeable brassiness, and the astonishing vigour displayed by the individual who presides over the big drum and the cymbals, and who seems impelled by an earnest, but scarcely laudable desire, to demonstrate the superiority of noise over music. One of the most charming little orchestras I ever enjoyed hearing is the Reyloffs' orchestra at the Brighton Aquarium, which is remarkable for delicacy of tone and expression, and correctness and finish of execution.

F. ALLAN LAIDLAW.

TIETJENS AT BOSTON.

(From the "Boston Daily Advertiser," Oct. 21st.)

The past fortnight has been freighted with rich gifts for lovers of music in Boston; and the extraordinary course of the season now brings it to pass that one of the very greatest of living pianists is followed by a singer, who, for many years, was acknowledged to be without a superior in Europe. Mdle Tietjens sang last night, in the Music Hall, to a large audience, and achieved a substantial and unquestionable triumph. It is impossible that she should not delight the public, for her art is of that finished sort which commands the admiration of the *connoisseur*, while it is inspired by a fullness of feeling which communicates itself to every sensitive heart. Mdle Tietjens is more like Parepa-Rosa than any other *artiste* who ever visited this city. Such epithets as "magnificent" and "splendid," so often misapplied, find truthful exemplification in Mdle Tietjens' singing. Her vocalization is as perfect as need be, but it seldom calls attention to itself; her phrasing is unsurpassed in majestic force and vitality, and her dramatic and expressive power has seldom been equalled. No one need be apprehensive, either, about the present character of the *artiste's* voice. Of immense volume, power and resonance, full, rich, and sweet, this voice is one which gives itself with absolute sensitiveness to the control of the directing spirit.

The pieces assigned to Mdle Tietjens last evening were three in number, viz.:—a "Grand Valse," by Arditi; Gounod's "Ave Maria," and the aria, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," from Weber's *Oberon*. Their importance is the exact reverse of the order given them on the programme. The aria from Weber's enchanting opera is a masterpiece, and its delivery has long been recognised as an *experimentum crucis* for the singer, a union of the loftiest and most varied dramatic ability with great fullness and flexibility of voice, physical power and complete vocal culture. Mdle Tietjens' delivery lacked in nothing, and was positively affluent and overflowing in its expressive and vocal wealth. Every phase of thought in the elaborate description of the ocean's many moods was followed with that absolute ease and graphic certainty which show the working of great dramatic genius; and, after an exact delineation of the moment of agonising fear which comes to the shipwrecked Reiza, the final burst of joy and rapture at the prospect of safety and re-union with her lover was given with electric and irresistible power. The artist was thrice recalled, and on two occasions gratified the demand for an encore, repeating a portion of the "Valse," and giving "Home, sweet home" with entire simplicity, but with searching and tender expression. Fame has, indeed, told no more than the truth about Mdle Tietjens; and we trust that the patronage given to her concerts in Boston will do ourselves and her grand talents something approaching justice. However enthusiastic our public is, it will not be likely to be too extravagant.

HOME MUSIC—AS IT IS, AND AS IT MIGHT BE.

(From the "Leisure Hour.")

I.

The dictionary defines music as "the science of combining sounds in an agreeable manner,—vocal or instrumental harmony;" in private life, however, the word has a far more limited application. While Jones's daughter tells us that she learns music, we are not to understand that she is taking lessons on the harp, or in singing, or in harmony and counterpoint, but that she is devoting her attention to the study of the pianoforte, which has contrived of late years entirely to monopolize the term. In fact, to most Englishmen the word music simply calls up a vision of a *grand* or a *square*, with a morning governess, a tuner, a music-stool, and finishing lessons at two guineas a quarter; while at the very mention of the word their ears are filled with scales in C major, and arrangements of "The Last Rose of Summer," mingled in wild confusion with five-finger exercises, and the daily studies of Czerny and Bertini.

Notwithstanding that every English girl undergoes a more or less extensive, and expensive, training on the pianoforte, it can hardly be said that English domestic music is improving, or even that it is so good as it was before the omnipresent instrument was invented; on the contrary, it may be fairly argued that the pianoforte has really been the indirect cause of the decline and fall of music as a welcome home recreation. We appeal to our readers: Where the pianoforte exists, is there not much more *practising* (this word has also acquired a sense of its own) than playing? When a *piece* (also in a technical sense) is ready for performance in the family circle, does it not always fall flat and stale on the ears of those whose fate it has been to hear the weeks of thumping that have preceded its final consummation?

The question will arise, What has brought the piano into such prominence in English domestic life? The reason is this: in the first place it forms a most convenient accompaniment for solo songs, one of the positions it fills to the best advantage; in the next place, a whole tune, by which we mean an air completely harmonized, may be produced by one person on one instrument; while, thirdly and chiefly, nearly every one, persons possessed of little, or even absolutely devoid of any musical taste, may, by dint of practice, play a tune passably, provided that it requires no more expression than can be produced by a judicious use of the right-hand pedal. Besides, owing to the facility of the execution in certain combinations—for instance, common chords arpeggiated in rapid notes—an air may be arranged so as to be at once brilliant, or what is so-called, and yet tolerably easy. Accordingly, a demand, and, we are sorry to add, an unfailling supply of these jingling, expressionless *pieces* is created, and thus it is that washy opera airs, set in ornamental filigrees of demisemiquavers, common waltz tunes in the form of *Morceaux Brillants pour Salon*, and tortured versions of the "Bluebells of Scotland," disguised as *Grandes fantaisies sur un theme Ecossais*, are poured forth on the unresisting world for the sake of girls who, possessed of the digital dexterity requisite for their performance, and nothing more, believe that in playing them they are making music, and entertaining their fellow-creatures.

When a girl has received her early training in a school like this, she finds it almost impossible to adopt a more rational style. Not only is the taste vitiated, but the left hand, which has been comparatively untrained, will either be physically unable to execute the bass part in the sonatas of Beethoven, or will drop from the keyboard, tired out, before the middle of the first movement. The effect so easily procured by merely mechanical means in the pieces of the day cannot be obtained in the works of the great masters without a sympathetic mind and a cultivated taste; in short, the soul must play as well as the fingers. How absolutely painful it is to hear a player nourished on the ordinary boarding-school pieces attempt an *adagio* of Beethoven, notably that which commences his "Moonlight Sonata" (No. 14). She will carefully give each triplet its exact metronome time, play steadily, calmly, and cold-bloodedly (if the term may be used), through to the end, with no passion, with no expression; and then wonder, as well she may, what people can ever find to admire in classical music. The consequence is that fathers, brothers, and other relations—except, perhaps, the admiring mamma, who has resolved that

all her daughters, whether musically inclined or not, shall be possessed of the accomplishment—wearied by the horrible sameness attending every performance, never ask for a tune, and stealthily retire from the room if they perceive the signs of an impending encounter with the much-enduring instrument.

With the piano the accompanied ballad has grown up, and here, too, a supply of the most inferior trash is produced, usurping the place of the old glees, catches, canons, and rounds, which, not long ago, might be heard in every house in the country. The part-song still finds its votaries among the choral societies, but at home the alto, tenor, and bass would feel that they were being eclipsed by the soprano, were they to take the trouble to get up a part in "Crabbed Age and Youth," or "Down in a Flowery Dale." Alto, tenor, and bass ballads may be had, and the poorer the singer, the readier to show off in a solo. Thus we find the tenor revelling in the mawkish sentiment of "Kiss me, mother, ere I leave thee, nevermore to meet again," or an almost voiceless bass attempting the jubilant strains of "Oh, gay is the life of a brigand bold," with perhaps a shake on the last note but one. How is it, by the way, that the untrained amateur always does try to shake?

When a glee is attempted, the great aim seems to be to stand up and sing something. It matters not that there is no tenor present, that there are five basses and six sopranos, but only one alto; that some are not only unable to sing from music, but have never seen the glee before. Some Vandal, voiceless baritone smoothes all these difficulties with "Oh, Miss B—— will play the accompaniment, you know, and it will be all right;" the performers shout it through somehow, wandering into each other's parts, and think themselves perfect if they come in more or less together at the end, and then usually blandly encore themselves with "Let's have another try, and mind the marks of expression." The custom of publishing accompaniments to glees that were never intended to be sung with them cannot be too highly reprobated as a concession to the low ebb of modern vocal culture.

What a loss is the art of glee-singing when the time for pic-nics arrives! The pianoforte is impracticable, the guitar no longer studied, and the banjo prohibited in polite society. Solo songs are thus for the most part unavailable. Concerted vocal music always sounds delicious under the canopy of heaven; those only who have heard Mendelssohn's beautiful open-air songs can imagine the delight and pleasure they furnish at a summer out-of-door gathering; but, thanks to the rise of the ruthless piano, that lovely pic-nic music, for so it may be called, is a sealed book to all but a very few. Its place is probably taken by a song, volunteered by the humorous man of the company with what he facetiously styles a *corious*, in which the company, on his invitation, join in unison.

It will be admitted that domestic music is generally looked upon at best as a mere pastime, taken up to fill an idle moment, or as an agreeable supplement to the conversation at the stately evening party of middle-class society, and from this view of the subject some awkward mistakes are likely to occur. The writer well remembers being present some years ago at a friend's house where it was customary for a few amateurs to meet for the sake of performing and listening to good classical music. On the evening in question, two friends of the host, but strangers to the rest of the company, were present, and under the above erroneous impression as to the use of "the divine art," annoyed everyone by carrying on a vehement political debate during the first movement of a quintet of Mozart's. At the conclusion of the *allegro*, they were politely asked by the host if they did not find the room too hot, and if they would not like to walk in the garden, but replied no; they preferred to listen to the music, which was accordingly finished with an *obbligato* political accompaniment. In the next piece, however, which was a solo sonata of Beethoven's, they discovered their mistake. They endeavoured to continue their conversation with the string players, who were now at liberty; but, finding that their queries were met by whispered answers, while their observations were left unresponded to, at last realized the position, and for the remainder of the evening formed a most decorous, if not an appreciative audience.

(To be continued.)

EDWARD REMÉNYI.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Hungarian violinist, M. Edward Reményi, gave a concert here last Tuesday, of which I include the programme. As M. Reményi intends to visit England shortly, it may interest you to hear a few remarks about him. A mere glance at the programme will show you that he is either a fool or a first-rate musician. I am glad to say that he is the latter in every respect. His execution is faultless, his technique infallible, and he has a wonderful way of entering into a composer's spirit. He seems to become another, according to the music he is playing. I hope he may have as much success in England as he has had here.

DEAN, CHAPTER, ORGANIST, AND VICAR CHORAL.

Music does not seem to be the "food of love" in the West country even when it is associated with the "Gospel of Peace." What one of the local journals terms "a strange epidemic" has broken out among the quiet Somersetshire towns, three of which, as well as the Cathedral city of Wells, are more or less disturbed about matters appertaining to the service of song. A few weeks ago the Bishop of the diocese, with Lord Selborne as his assessor, sat in judgment upon a dispute between the Dean and Chapter on the one part and the College of Vicars Choral on the other—those bodies, instead of dwelling together in unity, having fallen out respecting the right of the Chapter to nominate members of the College. Peace being made, or, at any rate, a truce agreed upon, in this case, the parish churches caught the infection, and are now suffering grievously. Sherborne has its musico-religious quarrel, which seems, however, to be based more upon personal than public grounds. The organist, attacked, as he alleges, by illness, thought proper to reside out of the town—a step which led to high words between him and the vicar, and, in consequence of his refusal to apologise for certain expressions, to resign when called upon, the Vestry have now given the musical official three months' notice to quit. This is, no doubt, a paltry case unworthy attention of itself, but it is significant as one of a group. Turning to Crewkerne, we find that parish completely "by the ears," upon the double question as to what the musical service should be and who possesses the legal right to direct its performance. On one side stands the vicar, and on the other a large section of the inhabitants, between whom the fight rages hotly enough to justify the local boast about "plucky Crewkerne." The incumbent, it appears, sets his face against "services" and anthems rendered by a choir, and wishes to have plain chants and tunes sung by the people. This system, which the opposite side calls "congregational foolery," he endeavoured to establish; whereupon the choir resigned, and left the music of the church to "the squall of school children and the howl of a select few admirers of discord." Then the organist retired in disgust, and the parishioners held a meeting to talk the matter over, upon which they seem to have resolved that the new organist, if a vicar's man, shall be paid by the vicar. The case on their side is now before the Ordinary, pending whose decision congratulation prevails that "plucky Crewkerne" is not to be alarmed by the "futile flaunting of a parson's surplice." At Yeovil matters are in still worse case. Almost the last suit decided by the now defunct court of Arches was one instituted by the vicar of this parish to restrain his organist from performing voluntaries before and after service. Sir Robert Phillimore gave judgment in favour of the clerical pretension to regulate a matter in which, one might suppose, only perversity could see materials for dispute; but Yeovil, which supports the organist, is not at all disposed to tame submission. The vicar will not recognize the organist, and the parishioners, whose paid officer the musician is, sustain him at his post. Under these conditions of dead-lock a compromise was suggested—the organ to be played by a substitute during the vicar's absence for a year, without prejudice to the interests of either party. But the Yeovil men were stern, and resolved that the organist, their servant, should remain at his instrument and do his duty. So the matter stands; and now may we ask why this epidemic of disorder is sweeping over the erstwhile peaceful Somersetshire parishes? A Scottish Presbyterian would perhaps see in it a judgment upon those who use a "kist of whistles," and praise the Lord by machinery. Others may regard it as significant of

the turmoil and distraction prevailing within the National Church, consequent upon clerical assumptions. But, whatever the cause, it is earnestly to be hoped that if the angry passions of Somerset churchmen must arise, they will find vent in other matters than that part of religious service which is specially suggestive of union and concord. D. T.

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scraper.)

At the Grand Opera, Madlle de Reszké has appeared successfully as Marguerite in M. Gounod's *Faust*. Coming after so great a favourite as Mad. Carvalho in the part, the young lady's task was not an easy one, but she acquitted herself in a satisfactory manner. She was especially happy in the Garden Scene.

A new tenor, M. Stéphanne, has come out, at the Opéra-Comique, the opera selected for his appearance being *Haydée*. His voice is fresh and agreeable; his personal appearance prepossessing. He would, however, have acted wisely, had he studied a little longer before making his bow to the public. His vocal training can scarcely be designated complete. He was well received.

Le Pompon, M. Lecocq's new opera, at the Folies Dramatiques, is highly praised by all lovers of good comic music. Among the most noticeable pieces are the duet: "L'Amour est une pure flamme" the "Sicilienne" and Piccolo's couplets. The principal characters are entrusted to Madlle Caillot, Mad. Matz-Ferrare, MM. Lucco, Didier, and Milher.

The Committee formed to decide upon M. Adolphe Sax's plan for a monster operahouse have met and deliberated under the presidency of M. Emile de Girardin. In the course of the proceedings, the following letter was read. It was addressed to M. L. Détrouat, one of the chief movers in the business.

"4th November—Saint Charles (My Saint's Day).

"My dear Détrouat,—You are aware of the accident which will keep me a captive at home for a long time to come, and, consequently, prevent my responding to your summons. Still, as I have one hand tolerably free, I think I shall be acting rightly, and making up as much as possible for my forced absence, by sending you these few lines, which I beg you and your honourable colleagues to receive as the simple enunciation of the principal points to which, it strikes me, we should confine ourselves in the question about to occupy our attention.

"1. NOTHING COLOSSAL. This is DEATH to musical art, especially in a theatre, where too great a distance between the singer and his hearers destroys all physiognomy and all interest, reducing the singer to the necessity of exhausting himself in emptiness.

"2. We should not establish a lyric theatre, but re-establish the Lyric Theatre, that is to say: the *Normal School* where, by contact with the public and by personal experience, we may produce and form the young composers from among whom our grand lyric theatres may every day obtain recruits to maintain and perpetuate, in a national repertory worthily kept up, the honour of French music. It should be a sort of *Salon* whence the authors should rise to the *Musée*.

"CH. GOUNOD."

M. Camille Doucet, in the name of the Dramatic Authors, and M. Carvalho strongly supported M. Ch. Gounod's opinion, as M. Ambroise Thomas had previously done. The same view was taken by MM. Halanzier and Victorien Joncières.

M. Emile de Girardin observed that the meeting had not been convened to take into consideration the question of the Théâtre-Lyrique, a question which would speedily receive a most satisfactory solution. The object was to discuss the feasibility of erecting a popular Operahouse of vast dimensions, where grand classical and modern works might, by low prices, be brought within the reach of the great masses. M. Adolphe Sax then explained his plan, which, however, was rejected in favour of another submitted to the Committee by MM. Davidoud and Bourdais, and already approved by the Municipality of Paris, who probably will grant these gentlemen a plot of ground in the Place of the Château d'Eau, on which to build their theatre, which is designed to accommodate 9,000 persons.

M. Adolphe Sax's proposed popular Operahouse was to have been in the form of a giant-egg. I am afraid that, like the celebrated Humpty-Dumpty, of mural celebrity, that egg is irrevocably smashed.

ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

By GIBBS GIBB GIBBS, Esq.

No. 10.

THOMAS MORLEY, a pupil of Bird, bachelor of music, and one of the gentlemen of Queen Elizabeth's chapel, acquired some celebrity by his treatise entitled "*A plane and easie Introduction to Practical Musicke*," His burial service is supposed to be the first that was composed after the Reformation. This service was performed, in the year 1760, by the united choirs of Westminster, St Paul's, and the Chapel Royal, at the funeral of George II. Dr Boyce, in his collection of cathedral music, in which the whole service is printed, speaks of the beauties of this work. Morley is supposed to have died about 1604.

ST NICETIUS, or NICETAS, is said by Dr Forkell, in the second volume of his history, p. 197, to be the real author of the hymn *Te Deum laudamus*, commonly ascribed to Ambrosius.

ORPHEUS.—It is the opinion of some eminent philologers of later times that there never was any such person as Orpheus, except in Fairyland, and that his whole history was nothing but a mere romantic allegory, utterly devoid of truth and reality. But there is nothing alleged for this opinion from antiquity, except the one passage of Cicero concerning Aristotle, who seems to have meant no more than this, that there was no such person as Orpheus anterior to Homer, or that the verses vulgarly called Orphical were not written by Orpheus. However, if it should be granted that Aristotle had denied the existence of such a man, their seems to be no reason why his single testimony should preponderate against the universal consent of all antiquity, which agrees that Orpheus was the son of Oeager, by birth a Thracian, the father, or chief founder, of the mythological and allegorical theology amongst the Greeks, and of all their most sacred rites and mysteries, who is commonly supposed to have lived before the Trojan war, that is in the time of the Israelitish judges; or, at least, to have been senior both to Hesiod and Homer, and to have died a violent death, most affirming that he was torn in pieces by women. For which reason, in the vision of Herus Pamphylus, in Plato, Orpheus's soul, passing into another body, is said to have chosen that of a swan, a reputed musical animal, on account of the great hatred he had conceived for all women, from the death which they had inflicted on him. And the historic truth of Orpheus was not only acknowledged by Plato, but also by Isocrates, who lived before Aristotle, in his oration in praise of Busiris, and confirmed by the grave historian Diodorus Siculus, who says, that Orpheus diligently applied himself to literature, and, when he had learned the mythological part of theology, travelled into Egypt; where he soon became the greatest proficient among the Greeks in the mysteries of religion, theology, and poetry. Neither was this history of Orpheus contradicted by Origen, when so justly provoked by Celsus, who had preferred him to our Saviour; and, according to Suidas, Orpheus the Thracian was the first inventor of the religious mysteries of the Greeks, and that religion was thence called *Thereskeia*, as it was a Thracian invention. On account of the great antiquity of Orpheus, there have been numberless fables intermingled with his history, yet there appears to be no reason why we should disbelieve the existence of such a man.

Higher Development.

Nos. 5 and 6.

LISZT FERENCZ.



Hamleti tépelődés. Fausti vívódás. Mély csend. A köhögés sohaja lesz.



Chopin: George Sand. Visszaemlékezés. Édes ifjuság. Illat, holdsugár és szerelem.

(To be continued.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 22, 1875.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

- QUARTET in C major, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—
Mme NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PEZZE .. *Mozart.*
DUET, "Dolce conforto"—The Mdles BADA *Mercadante.*
ETUDES EN FORME DE VARIATIONS, Op. 13, for pianoforte
alone—Mdle ANNA MEHLIG *Schumann.*

PART II.

- SONATA in D minor, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment
—Mme NORMAN-NERUDA *Rust.*
DUET, "Nel giardino"—The Mdles BADA *Lulli.*
TRIO in D minor, Op. 49, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello
(by desire)—Mdle ANNA MEHLIG, Mme NORMAN-NERUDA,
and Signor PEZZE *Mendelssohn.*
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 20, 1875.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

- QUINTET in A major, for clarinet, two violins, viola, and violon-
cello—MM. SAINTON, LAZARUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PEZZE *Mozart.*
RECIT. and AIR, "Deh vieni" (*Nozze di Figaro*)—Miss ELLEN
HORNE *Mozart.*
VARIATIONS SÉRIEUSES, for pianoforte alone—Mdle ANNA
MEHLIG *Mendelssohn.*
SONATA in F major, Op. 24, for pianoforte and violin—Mdle
ANNA MEHLIG and M. SAINTON *Beethoven.*
SONG, "The best of all"—Miss ELLEN HORNE *Schumann.*
QUARTET in E flat, Op. 38, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violon-
cello—Mdle ANNA MEHLIG, MM. SAINTON, ZERBINI, and PEZZE *Rheinberger.*
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

MARRIAGE.

On Tuesday, November 16th, Miss SARAH EDITH WYNNE, to
AVIET AGABEG, Esq., of the Inner Temple.

DEATH.

On November 13th, ELOISE J. GIMSON, R.A.M., only daughter
of the late Joseph Gimson, Esq.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little
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With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive
four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency
may suggest.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1875.

Dialogues in Purgatory.



Dr Ghost.—Dost thou affect the double bassoon?

Dr Serpent.—Avaunt!

Dr Ghost.—What is thine impression of an orchestra which
numbereth in its ranks a double bassoon?

Dr Serpent.—My impression is that the surgeon nearest at hand
should be sent for.

Dr Ghost.—Why at hand?—to perform an operation?

Dr Serpent.—Assuredly.

Dr Ghost.—I prythee, what operation?

Dr Serpent (*with emphasis*).—Lithotomy!

(Both vanish.)

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

IT was with unmixed satisfaction that we read the following
in the last issue of that wide and widely-circulated mid-
land sheet, the *Hereford Times*:—

"We are permitted to state that at the Annual Audit Dinner
the Dean of Hereford availed himself of the opportunity to express
his views on the subject of the Musical Festivals. As has been
already announced, the Dean and Chapter have granted the use of
the Cathedral in 1876, as in former years; and it did not need this
act of simple justice and common sense to confirm Dean Herbert in
the respect of the citizens. Indeed, the permission to continue the
Festivals on the old footing embodies the unanimous decision of the
Dean and Chapter. None the less, the words of the Dean on Thurs-
day evening—words of wisdom and force, yet expressed in the most
tolerant and kindly spirit—will commend themselves to the approval
of the country. The Dean said that, although the recent Worcester
Festival had been a financial success, still he doubted whether it
would be as successful in future years, when the excitement and
emulation of recent opposition would have departed, and when the
money raised for charitable purposes would be in proportion to the
popularity of the Festivals. We rejoice that the Dean and Chapter
follow in the footsteps of the good men who have preceded them
in this diocese, and that a great charitable and religious movement
is still to be helped and distinguished by the adequate rendering
of some of the grandest musical and devotional conceptions of the

human mind. The conduct of the Dean and Chapter will be approved generally throughout the country."

In this manner have the Dean and Chapter of little independent Hereford declared their entire want of sympathy with bigoted intolerance. We respect them for it; and countless others will join in the homage we thus willingly pay. The so-called "Festival" this year at Worcester was a mere farce; an attempt to promote sermons and homilies at the expense of music, which should ever be an important element in the highest manifestations of worship. It is to be hoped that Gloucester, in 1877, will follow the example of Hereford in 1876. The "financial success" of the meeting at Worcester is readily explained, inasmuch as there was very little expenditure, and as, like the hundred bouquets thrown at a *prima donna*, it was organised in advance.

—o—

"REMEMBER, my Lord," said Henry VIII. to the indignant nobleman, whom Holbein had kicked down stairs, and who, not satisfied with the offer of an apology, desired nothing less than the execution of the offending artist, "remember that I can, whenever I please, make seven Lords out of seven ploughmen, but I cannot make one Holbein of even seven Lords." Had the occasion rendered more ample explanation necessary or advisable, there is no doubt the burly patron of the Divorce Court in that age would have gone further, and owned he could not make one Holbein out of the whole Peerage. As for performing such a feat with ploughmen as material to work upon, the notion would have seemed as preposterous as the idea of effecting it through the medium of an unlimited supply of Englishmen of any class, with whom to experimentise. In those days, no one ever thought of an Englishman's becoming a painter. So, Bluff King Hal, as the marrying monarch is termed, patronised Holbein, who, despite the Lord he had shown to the street door in such summary fashion, went on, as theretofore, painting away with his left hand, until he fell a victim to the plague in 1554. Though differing in many respects from the uxorious Tudor tyrant, Charles I. evidently shared his non-belief in Englishmen as painters, and numerous works by Peter Paul Rubens, scholar, statesman, ambassador, and artist, who received the honour of knighthood from his Majesty, exist to attest the fact. Another witness in the same cause is Anthony Vandeyck, also an English knight. Then, again, it was Sir Peter Lely, who painted the Duchess of Richmond, Mrs Eleanor Gwynne, the Countess of Rochester, Lady Middleton, Lady Whitmore, Lady Denham, and a host of other fair ones, more celebrated for beauty and wit than for virtue and morality. To the foregoing adepts with palette and brush must be added Sir Godfrey Kneller, the favourite of Charles II., James II., William III., and George I., knighted by William and created a baronet by George. The list might be augmented by many other names of less note, tending to show that pictorial art was represented here almost exclusively by foreigners. England could not produce painters. Such was, in those days, the general belief both at home and abroad. At length, in 1768, the Royal Academy was founded. In what high estimation our English School of Painting is now held, or by what great men it has been illustrated, our readers need not be informed.

We have noticed the delusion about the incompetency of Englishmen as painters, because it throws an instructive light upon another hallucination, that, namely, affecting the sister art of Music. England—so, until recently, ran the parrot-ery—was not a musical nation. Nay; not only was

England not a musical nation, but Englishmen seemed determined that she never should become one. As the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone remarked in the speech recently delivered by him in the Lecture Hall, at Greenwich, when distributing the prizes to the successful students of the Science and Art Classes, a person was laughed at who contended, fifty years ago, that human beings—including, of course, the inhabitants of these islands—were, as such, musical. People used to say: "I can't tell one note from another, and I don't care a bit about Music." And woe to him who did care about it, and who endeavoured to obtain proficiency in it. While Louis XIV., by an express decree, announced that members of the French nobility might appear on the boards of the Grand Opera without derogating a tittle from their high estate, we find that heartless, frigid, aristocratic prig, the Earl of Chesterfield, contemptuously warning his son against fiddling and fiddlers. For a period verging upon a couple of centuries, our forefathers considered that the study of music, like the confection of Biblical pictures in worsted, or the manufacture of pickles, preserves, and cordials, ought to be restricted to their wives and daughters. Any son of theirs who manifested a predilection for it was ridiculed as a mollycoddle. It is true that country squires in their old family-houses, or Town gallants at their taverns, were not averse to indulging in hunting songs, or political catches, but they insisted on doing so without the aid of art. Just as the upholders of the old state of things in more modern times declared that the British Officer would hopelessly deteriorate if taught to perform properly the very duties he was expected to perform, and that his courage would diminish in the exact ratio that his knowledge was increased; so their predecessors in prejudice appeared to entertain the belief that their voices would be irretrievably ruined if they were instructed how to use them. This fact was the more remarkable because the example set them at a previous epoch of our history was there to teach them better. In the reign of Elizabeth, when England was famous for every thing which renders a nation great and respected; when her statesmen were renowned throughout Europe; when her soldiers and her sailors made Victory carry the national standard before them; and when the glorious list of her poets was headed by the name of Shakespeare, the cultivation of Music formed part of every man's education, and few among the higher classes would have boasted that they did not care a pin about it, or tell one note from another.

Many of us may still entertain grave doubts as to the advisability of the course pursued by Mr Gladstone when he disestablished the Protestant Church in Ireland; others, hurried away by patriotic impetuosity, may, like the Duke of Beaufort, at the Bristol gathering recently, consider that the ex-Premier ought to be impaled for allowing Russia to tamper with the treaty of Paris; but most of us will heartily agree with what fell from his lips on the subject of Music and the remarkable impetus given to it of late years. At our Universities, at our great public seminaries, and in our private schools, the rights—we use the word advisedly—the rights, we repeat, of Music are beginning to be recognized, and in such matters *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. That first step has now been taken, and a pretty long step it is, closely resembling a stride of the celebrated Seven-League Boots in the nursery-tale. Not merely, too, have our Universities and Schools "begun it," like the kettle of which Charles Dickens wrote, but other agents have continued the task. As Mr Gladstone said—"The public mind is becoming more and more habituated to the teaching of Music; and, of course, the universal teaching of Music

implies the universal practice of it, in one shape or other." It is for this object, namely: the universal practice of Music, that a small number of conscientious and determined men have toiled long and undauntedly in this country through good report and ill report, turning neither to the right nor to the left. Not, though, for the practice of Music "in one shape or other," but in the best shape. How successful they have been is demonstrated by more than the mere spread of Music among those to whom the art was unknown; it is shown by the purer and more classical taste exhibited by those who cultivated it previously. Rewarded by the consciousness of what they have already achieved, let these brave pioneers, who have opened up and made easy one of the most pleasant and most beautiful paths by which Civilization is advancing to her sublime goal, exert themselves with even more vigour than before. When they find that a public man, holding such a position as the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, enunciates the principle which they have ever maintained, and for which they have ever worked, that "Music is a general inheritance; that the faculty of Music is a common faculty of the people forming an intelligent community," they have, indeed, good grounds for hope, and never in this country did the prospects of Music,

"Implens affectas tacita dulcedine mentes,"

appear more bright and more cheering than now.—R. K.

Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING. Well—what did you think of Salaman's advice to the critics?

DR QUINCE. Why—nothing at all.

DR SHIPPING. Well—but how nothing at all?

DR QUINCE. Why—because I didn't hear it.

DR SHIPPING. Well—for what reason didn't you hear it?

DR QUINCE. Why—because I couldn't see it.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

CHRISTINE NILSSON IN THE TROVATORE.

(From the "Liverpool Courier.")

The combined attraction of Mme Christine Nilsson and Mme Trebelli in Verdi's ever popular *Trovatore* filled the house to its utmost capacity. Every seat was let, and vast numbers were unsuccessful in obtaining admission to any part of the theatre. Mme Nilsson as Leonora achieved another triumph. It was a noble performance, elaborated with consummate art. By the force of her genius, Mme Nilsson—without effort, without striving after original effects or new readings—in the most natural manner, invests her impersonations with a charm all her own, and an originality which removes them into a sphere altogether above comparison with the same parts as represented by other great artists. They are, in fact, finished creations, which stand alone in all their beauty and perfection, and have a distinct individuality. This is equally true both of her acting and singing. Mme Nilsson is entirely original in phrasing and vocalisation; her style of singing is as perfect as her noble and extraordinary voice, and as completely the reflection of her mind, taste, and great exceptional gifts. Mme Nilsson's Margherita, Lucia, and Leonora, are all alike perfect in conception and execution—all equally original and great.

Confabulations Confidential.



DR FOX.—Charles Gounod has written a letter.

DR GOOSE.—What about?

DR FOX.—About big theatres.

DR GOOSE.—*Quid tum?* (What next?)*

DR FOX.—He likes them not.

DR GOOSE.—*Cur?* (Why?)*

DR FOX.—The one projected in "Lutetia" (Paris)* will hold from nine to ten thousand—sitters and non-sitters.

DR GOOSE.—Well, why does Gounod object to that?

DR FOX.—Sitters may be content, non-sitters anything but.

DR GOOSE.—Granted. What has that to do with Gounod?

DR FOX.—He likes not big theatres.

DR GOOSE.—You have already said it. *Cur?* (Why!)*

DR FOX.—He is a man of satin.

DR GOOSE.—Velvet, you mean?

DR FOX.—Satin.

DR GOOSE.—Wax?

DR FOX.—Satin?

DR GOOSE.—*Quid tum?* (What next?)*

DR FOX.—You have asked that already.

DR GOOSE.—Be more explicit.

DR FOX.—Well, in plain language, Gounod does not consider it right that more than from 800 to 1,000 sitters should hear any of his works at a time. The privilege is of such sort that it must not be lightly accorded to the globe entire.

DR GOOSE.—The "terrestrial ball"—as Sir Richard Blackmore styles it, in his poem, *The Creation*?

DR FOX.—Exactly so. You have swallowed *The Creation*?

DR GOOSE.—Heugh! *Be cheem!* (On my eyes be it!)* But Richard Wagner?

DR FOX.—Oh! that is different. Wagner, an exceptional being, has invited the Universe, including archangels, Mr Salaman, Dr Stone, and sea-serpents, to Bayreuth next year, for the *Tetralogical-Trilogy*.

DR GOOSE.—At £45 a-head?

DR FOX.—Exactly so. Only Dr Dannreuther will bring the "gigantic squirrel-shaped worm," together with other monsters of mythic notoriety;—and these are admitted on conscience.

DR GOOSE.—Open, Sesame?

DR FOX.—No.—O by Abs! O by Adnan! Wagner can abide no criticism but his own.

DR GOOSE.—Then came Shiboob, like a male ostrich?

DR FOX.—Precisely. Nevertheless, Charles Gounod likes not big theatres—wherein from Jacob Meyer Beer he differs. By the way, you sup with me on Christmas eve?

DR GOOSE.—I can't. I have asked Dr Turkey to sup with me.

DR FOX.—Come both; I shall be only too happy.

DR GOOSE.—*Not by no means!* (*Exeunt both edified.*)

* These parenthetical translations are for the benighted critics admonished by C. Salaman, Dr Stone and Co.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S FIRST RECITAL.

(From the New York "Touchstone.")

Mdme Goddard's recent pianoforte recital at Steinway's, revealed the superb genius of that great artist in a manner so impressive as to command the unanimous and instant recognition of a highly critical audience. Although of unusual difficulty, her programme was of the rarest excellence, affording ample scope for a full display of her wondrous powers. Beethoven, Schubert, Friedeman Bach, Thalberg, and Chopin, were interpreted by her in a manner so transcendent, so full of grandeur, beauty and sentiment, as to set all language at defiance, and give a *quietus* to that cheap generalization which charges her, amongst other things, with "coldness," as well as "want of breadth and individuality,"—terms understood among the initiated to be the safety valves of incompetent criticism.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

On the 17th November, 1842, Donizetti's *Linda di Chamounix* was first produced at Vienna.

BARTOLOMEO CRISTOFORI is not the only person who can lay claim, it would appear, to the invention of the piano. France advances the rights of a certain Marius—not him of Carthage—who, in 1716, presented to the Academy of Sciences models of *Clavecins à Maillets*, or Mallet-Harpsichords, in which the strings, instead of being pinched, were struck by a mechanism of hammers. Germany, on the other hand, advances the pretensions of a Saxon organist named Schreöter, who, in 1717, conceived the plan of a new harpsichord, likewise with strings struck by a hammer. If Italian musicologists are not, however, blinded by patriotism, the priority is due to Bartolomeo Cristofori, who invented, as far back as 1711, a *cimbalo a martelletti*. In order to offend no one, we may say, that as Cristofori's instrument did not at once come into use, Marius and Schreöter may very well have known nothing about it, and have each invented the piano himself.

It has been said that Rossini was as fond of cookery as of music. He pretended, at least, to place them on an equality. A writer in the *Siecle* cites an unpublished letter in which the illustrious composer owns very wittily his weakness:

"Next to doing nothing, I know of no more delightful occupation than that of eating, by which I, of course, mean eating properly. What love is for the heart, eating is for the stomach. The stomach is the conductor who governs and inspires the great orchestra of our passions; an empty stomach represents to my mind the bassoon or the small flute, grunting out discontent, or squeaking forth envy; a full stomach, on the contrary, is the triangle of pleasure and the timbals of joy. As for love, I hold it to be pre-eminently the *prima donna*, the diva singing in our brain her cavatinas, which intoxicate the ear and entrance the heart. To eat and love, to sing and digest, such, in truth, are the four acts of the buffo opera called life, which vanishes like the foam from a bottle of champagne. Everyone who allows it to evaporate without enjoying it is an utter idiot.—ROSSINI."

"THE piano" says a Frankfort paper, "is not sufficiently appreciated. There are clever men whom its very name will put to flight. They see in the piano only wearisome concerts, an interminable series of pianists hammering through sonatas by sheer strength; and pieces profusely adorned with arpeggios to the intense delight of young ladies at boarding-schools—all things, it is true, which may well sour the human heart. But what benefits does not the instrument offer us in return for these slight drawbacks! Was it not the piano which rid us of solo-players; of flautists who twisted up their mouths to blow into a small hole; of the piston, which resembled Æolus, and the noisy utterances of which made the window-panes tremble and stunned the audience; of the violinist with his irritating first string; of the languishing harpist; and of the clarinet, too accessible to prolonged squeaks. At present, the piano is the instrument in most general use. It enables one to read operatic scores and reproduces all their orchestral delicacies. It renders immense services to the study of singing and harmony, as well as musical composition. All honour, therefore, to Cristofori!"

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MRS JOHN MACFARREN, assisted by Miss Agnes Drummond and Mr Frank Holmes, gave a musical performance last Tuesday in connection with a grand fancy bazaar, which was carried out for a charitable object, under the auspices of Miss Northcroft, of St Mary's Hall, Canonbury. Miss Agnes Drummond sang "La Fioraia," Arthur Sullivan's "Evening Chimes," and Macfarren's "The beating of my own heart." Mr Frank Holmes sang "The Yeoman's Wedding," "The Stirrup Cup," and a charming new song, "Memories," composed expressly for him by his father, the eminent professor of the pianoforte, Mr W. H. Holmes. Mrs John Macfarren played a great variety of brilliant pianoforte pieces by Bach, Scarlatti, Weber, Schumann, Bülow, Brissac, and others, several of which she repeated, and the whole went off to the delight of a numerous company.

ISLINGTON.—A musical entertainment, one of a series, entitled "Monday Popular Entertainments," was given on Monday evening, at the Wellington Hall, Islington, under the direction of Messrs Alfred Bruce and Mr W. French, who presided as conductor at the pianoforte. On this occasion one of the leading vocalists was Signorina Clelia Algiro, who possesses a very fine contralto voice, has, we understand, studied in Italy, and sung at several of the theatres. She made a most favourable impression in the Brindisi from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and in Crouch's ballad of "Kathleen Mavourneen;" in both of which she was much applauded, as was also Mr Edmund Stone in Balfe's popular romance "Si tu savais." Mrs Henry Vincent, Miss Grace Blatchley, and Mr F. Crowest, gave songs by Sir Julius Benedict, Mr F. Clay, &c., with more or less success, while Mr W. French received great applause for a solo on the pianoforte. The entertainment was successful.

THE ALDERMANBURY MUSICAL SOCIETY held their first *soirée* on Monday last, at the Oriental Buildings, Blackfriars. The large room of that edifice, well adapted for music, was filled with an elegant and appreciative audience. The music for the *soirée*, conducted by Mr Edward Graig, was of a popular kind, including glees, madrigals, quartets, sung by the members of the society, and rewarded with true English appreciation. There were some good solo singers—Miss Heath and Miss Ainsworth, a young pupil of Signor Visetti. Mr Lionel Levy made a very favourable impression in Gounod's "Le Soir" and Reber's "Hai Luli." Mr Levy possesses a voice of good quality, and sings with taste. Herr Jacques Rosenthal played Viennet's "Reverie" with great ability. Herr Lehmeier added to the pleasures of the evening by his fine performance of Chopin's *Nocturne* and his own Valse. The concert was altogether a success, owing to the zealous labours of the conductor, Mr Edward Graig.—A. B.

SIGNOR RENDANO'S concert, given at St James's Hall on Tuesday evening, with the assistance of the "Prize Winners" of the National Music Meetings (Miss Agnes Larkcom, Miss Annie Butterworth, Mr Wharton, Mr Sylvester, and the Stepney Tonic Sol-fa Society), was highly successful, a numerous audience filling the hall, and eagerly "recalling" and rewarding the performers with hearty applause at the conclusion of each piece. Signor Rendano, who is a young Italian pianist of superior ability, did not spare himself, but played no less than nine pieces, four of which were composed by himself, and were remarkable for elegance, and their suitability for drawing-room performance. His other pieces were Mendelssohn's Prelude in E minor, Handel's variations on "The Harmonious Blacksmith," a scherzo from a serenade by Jadassohn, a minuet by Mr Hamilton Clark, and Sterndale Bennett's scherzo in E minor. After each of his performances Signor Rendano was warmly applauded and deservedly recalled. The "Prize Winners" were on their "best behaviour," and, in consequence, they were highly successful in winning applause. Miss Larkcom was especially rewarded after "Casta Diva," Miss Butterworth after Henry Smart's "By the blue sea," Mr Wharton after the same composer's "Tom Hardy," and Mr Sylvester and Mr Wharton after Walter Maynard's new duet, "The red and the blue." A very charming setting by Mr Charles Salaman of old William Whitehead's quaint description of "Celia," must not be passed over without a word of praise. The Stepney Society gave part-songs by Hatton, G. A. Macfarren, Festa, Spofforth, and Bishop. Between the parts Mr Augustus Tamplin played some pieces on Mason and Hamlin's "new orchestral organ" in masterly style, and well deserved the unanimous applause and recall awarded to him at the conclusion of his performance. Mr Hamilton Clark accompanied the vocal pieces on the pianoforte, and Mr W. G. McNaught conducted the part-songs.

THE conductors of one of the Parisian Cafés Concerts are offering prizes for new compositions, which they undertake to produce.

PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—At the Saturday Evening Concerts, Miss Fanny Edwards' operetta party made their second appearance on Saturday evening, the 13th inst., and, despite the inclement weather, again drew together a good audience. The programme was similar to that of the previous performance, comprising concerted and solo pieces, varied by comic sketches, and concluding with an original operetta entitled *Love's Test*. The whole entertainment is elegant and refined, and, while the vocalists are to be commended for the ability with which they discharged their parts, the highest praise is due to Mr Julian Edwards, the musical conductor and composer of the operetta. Mr Lumsden, the director of these concerts, deserves every encouragement for the enterprise he shows in catering for the amusement of the public.—*Daily Review*.

DUNDEE.—On Friday, October 29th, we learn from the *Dundee Advertiser*, that the Amateur Musical Society of the town gave, for the first time in Dundee, Barnett's beautiful cantata *The Ancient Mariner*. Mr W. H. Richmond (pianoforte) and Mr S. C. Hirst (harmonium) were the accompanists. Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss D'Alton, Mr Pearson, and Mr Wadmore were the solo vocalists, and Mr John Kinross directed the performance. A large audience filled the area of the Kinnaird Hall. "The cantata is replete with beauty, much of it of a highly-refined order; and though an orchestra is essential to disclose its composer's thought with integrity, there was in the performance enough to show that the musician and the poet, in power of imagination and in artistic skill, are on a level. The audience listened with unabated interest, and repeatedly manifested satisfaction in the performance by applause and encores."

CARMARTHEN.—The second of the series of winter evening entertainments for the benefit of St Peter's Church Schools was held at the Assembly Rooms on Tuesday evening, the 9th inst. The Vicar (Rev. L. M. Jones, B.D.) presided. Miss M. Watkins gave "Merry is the Greenwood," which was followed by a terse lecture on "The Solar System" by the Rev. Owen Jones, B.A. (curate). In a harp solo—"The March of the Men of Harlech," Miss Anne T. Jones was entirely successful, and Mr W. Spurrell then read one of Cowper's poems. After a pianoforte solo by Miss G. M. E. White, "The White Squall" was sung by Mr Duggins. Mr W. M. Griffiths read a laughable chapter on "Early Rising," and Miss Effie Spurrell having sung "La Boquetière," for which she was loudly applauded, Messrs Charles, David and Cornelius Jones played an instrumental trio (two violins and violoncello). The entertainment concluded by the assembled company singing "God bless the Prince of Wales."—*Carmarthen Journal*.

SIMS REEVES.

(From the "Brighton Gazette," Nov. 18.)

Once more November and the Brighton season, and once more (may it be many times more) Sims Reeves. "He is here!" was the gratified exclamation which greeted us at the door of Cramer's, the other day, as a finger pointed to the well-known name, "and in fine form!" and this welcome news has been repeated, during the week, all over the town. There can be no doubt of the estimation in which our popular tenor is held. Disappoints you sometimes? Yes. The better for you, good Public; for when he does appear, how much more welcome he is, how heartily do you shout at him, how earnestly and delightedly listen to him, and how rapturously applaud him! The better for him, too. Possessed, as he is, of such a delicate organ, to attempt to sing when that is affected would bring the greatest disappointment to you, the severest censure to him. You have no idea, good, but fickle Public, how much of life's enjoyment he has sacrificed to preserve one of the most glorious gifts of Providence for your sake; for you are the greatest benefactors, after all. Can the faintest estimate be given of the amount of good he has effected with that beautiful voice of his? We think not. The power of music is infinite. We hear a strain in a country road, from amidst the grating of a ploughshare, and, in an instant, a hard thought is gone—one of the finest chords in our nature is struck, and we are so much the better for it. How many despairing souls have died happy in listening to a snatch of some old and fondly-cherished melody? Can any one who has watched the silent, enrapt crowds listening to our national tenor, when not a hand has moved, scarcely a breath drawn, but has felt the wondrous, purify-

ing spirit of melody, that lifts us out of our grosser selves? Criticism upon this lovely voice, the charm of style, the artistic finish, the power wielded, and the thousands subdued by it, has long been exhausted, and we can now only speak of Sims Reeves as a treasured portion of ourselves, to hold firmly, and to gratefully cherish. It was many years ago when we who write this first heard him. A new institution was to be opened and flavoured with the music of his voice, and we, with scores of other disappointed folks unable to obtain admission, had to walk up and down the soft gravel path outside. But we were not so badly off, for the moon was bright, the air sweet with the scent of mignonne, and the tenor could be plainly heard through the large open windows. He sang "My Pretty Jane" of course, and his pretty Jane might have been beside him—I daresay there were several not far off him—for, as he sang, we thought the moon grew softer in its light, and the poplar trees in front of the institution kissed, and the ripening corn on the breast of a hill beyond, softly beat the time; and when the song was over, and the trees and the corn joined in the applause, and several appreciative stars had winked, it seemed as if something had gone out of the night, and we went home sighing and wondering how all the Janes felt. Coming out of the cosy Theatre Royal the other night, after hearing the same air, this old remembrance was very strong upon us; for the moon was bright, the stars were blinking, and the trees in the Pavilion Gardens hugging and kissing continuously. The old voice was rounder and deeper; there was the old charm of style, and perfect, delicious phrasing that has never been rivalled; and the generally cold-blooded Brighton audience felt this, and showed it by rising, and shouting, and "Hurrahing" in such a manner as to bring the welcome presence back, and the hoped-for pleasure of hearing the old song once again. A man is rarely so much appreciated as when he is missed. May it be long before we miss this marvellous voice, the welcome presence and genial friend; for he is a genial fellow. Could such melody, such tenderness, come from a bad fellow? believe it not. To all who know him he is most endeared. Kindly, hearty, modest of his great powers, and thoroughly sincere. So, good Public, when you feel inclined to rail at him for studying you, think a moment of the good he has done and may yet do.

Ballad.

THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

(Copyright.)

On the midnight ocean slumbering a youthful sailor lies,
While scenes of happy childhood in his dreaming soul arise;
Still chiming seems the Sabbath bell, as sweetly as of yore,
And once again he roams the fields and sees his cottage door:
In her arms his mother folds him, with affection's fond caress,
His gentle bright-eyed sisters in rapture round him press,
His aged father meets him, and his young companions come
To welcome him once more to share the dear delights of home.

Hark! what wild shrieks dispel his dreams?—whence sounds those
cries of woe?

With the storm loud thunders mingle—o'er the ship the billows flow;
From his hammock starts the sailor, he rushes to the deck,
The vessel sails with lightning blaze, she sinks a burning wreck;
To a mast the winds have riv'n the sailor madly clings,
His fearful parting knell of death the tempest loudly rings.
All is dark and drear around, not a star beams o'er the wave,
As ocean spirits bear him to the sailor's shroudless grave.

Oh! never at the cottage hearth shall he again be seen,
Nor meet his playmates merrily to sport upon the green;
In vain for him the birds shall sing, the hawthorn deck the tree,
For slumbering on the sand he lies beneath the swelling sea.
Oh! where are happy childhood's scenes, where now the chiming bell,
The fields o'er which he used to stray, the cot he lov'd so well?
For ever lost, yet still he finds a home of peace and joy,
Where neither stormy wind nor wave can wreck the sailor boy.

S. N. E.

[This poem was suggested by Campbell's "Mariner's Dream."]

BRUSSELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

Owing to the illness of Mad. Pauline Lucca, the managers of the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie have returned the money for the places already taken by persons anxious to hear and see the lady. It appears that, as she was proceeding from Goldenberg to Zurich, on the 27th ult., to catch the Brussels train, the horses suddenly took fright and started off towards the Lake of Zurich. Mad. Lucca was thrown from the carriage and severely shaken. Her husband jumped out and rushed to the horses' heads. Mad. Lucca was conveyed to a neighbouring hotel, and, according to her medical attendants, it will be some weeks before she is in a condition to resume her professional duties. So the good people of this small capital must have patience. Meanwhile the operas are *Le Pardon de Ploërmel* (otherwise *Dinorah*), *Robert le Diable*, *La Juive*, *Le Trouvère*, and *L'Africaine*, to which will shortly be added *Le Prophète*.

The Musical Society is rehearsing Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, the performance of which, with choruses, solos, full band, and orchestra, will take place at the Ducal Palace towards the end of December.

The first concert of the Schubert Society is announced for the 1st December. Mr Arthur Wilford will conduct. Among the artists are Mad. Augusta Roche, of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, and Herr Carl Oberthür. The following is the programme: First Part.—Concerto for Violin, Mendelssohn (violinist, M. E. Ysaye); Cavatina from *Les Huguenots* (Mad. Roche); "Souvenir de Londres," Fantasia for the Harp, composed and played by Herr Carl Oberthür; Two Transcriptions for the Piano, dedicated to A. Wilford by C. Reinecke (A. Wilford); Scotch Melodies, with accompaniment of Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, Beethoven (sung by Madame Roche)—first time of performance in Brussels. Second Part.—Trio for Violoncello and Harp, C. Oberthür (executed by MM. Ysaye, Paternoster, and Herr C. Oberthür); Toccata, in C major, Schumann (A. Wilford); Larghetto for Violin, Mozart (M. Paternoster); "Ombres et Rayons," a Musical Illustration, composed and executed by Herr C. Oberthür; Prelude, Bach, and "Hungarian Airs," Ernst (M. Ysaye); "Cari Luoghi" Donizetti, and "L'Ultimo Pensiero," Felice Mariani (sung by Mad. Roche).

THE NEW OPERAHOUSE.

The Duke of Edinburgh has visited the works for the construction of the New National Operahouse on the Victoria Embankment. He was received by Mr Mapleson and Mr Francis Fowler, the architect. After having minutely inspected the building, the Duke expressed himself highly pleased with the rapid progress already made, and at the excellence of the workmanship. The Architect says:—"The greatest activity prevails at the works in connection with the erection of the new Operahouse on the Embankment. Although it is little more than four months since Mr Webster entered upon the first contract for the excavations and getting in the foundation walls, the former portion of the work has been completed; and the latter is so far advanced as to admit of the superstructure being commenced in about a fortnight. The energy of the contractor, and the determination to expedite the works, with the view of the house being ready for opening during the opera season of next year, is shown by the fact that upwards of 400 workmen and five powerful steam-engines have been employed for weeks past. The amount of excavation which has been taken out and carted away is about 45,000 cubic yards, the most difficult portion of this work being the deep trenches sunk for the basement of the foundation walls. These are upwards of 12 ft. in width, carried down to the London clay, and 44 ft. below the level of the Thames Embankment. The trenches being completed, they were filled in with Portland cement to an average depth of 20 ft., and upon this the foundation walls are now being got in. These are 2 ft. 2 in. in thickness, resting upon footings double that width, in accordance with the Building Act, and will be carried up to a level with the Embankment. The foundation wall at the north-east side of the intended building is already finished; and in about a

fortnight the whole foundation contract is expected to be completed, when the superstructure will at once be proceeded with. Mr Fowler, the architect, is now engaged in getting out the details. The main walls will have an average thickness of 2 ft. 8 in. The memorial stone will be laid by the Duke of Edinburgh. The front of the boxes and amphitheatre will be in the horse-shoe form; and the depth, from the proscenium to the front of the central tier, 90 ft., the extreme depth from the stage to the back of the amphitheatre being 131 ft. The stage, from wall to wall, beyond which are dressing and other rooms, will be 102 ft. in width and 87 ft. in depth. Negotiations are in progress with the Metropolitan District Railway Company for the construction of a subway to give direct access from the railway to the Operahouse."

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Never was the hold which these concerts have upon the regard of amateurs better exemplified than on Saturday afternoon, when a new season began. It is said that "stars in their courses fought against Sisera," but, however much the heavenly bodies were animated by dislike of the Eastern leader, they could not have shown more bitterness than did the weather against this opening performance. It was "dreary, dark November," indeed; but dreariness and darkness were not all. Fog, mud, rain, and wind joined in holy alliance, till the marvel was that they were not permitted to have the streets to themselves. But Mr Chappell's patrons are not easily daunted, and through every sort of meteorological discomfort they found their way to St James's Hall in numbers well nigh sufficient to fill the room. Such earnestness is good to see, because it is genuine zeal, and not obedience to conventional rule or gratification of a passing whim.

Of the three instrumental works in the programme two can here be passed with simple mention. The first of these—Beethoven's magnificent E flat quartet (Op. 74)—was played by MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbin, and Daubert as such music deserves always to be rendered. As much may be recorded of the second—Hummel's well-known Septet—wherein MM. Zerbin and Daubert were associated with Madame Essipoff, MM. Brossa (flute), Lavigne (oboe), Vanhaute (horn), and Reynolds (double bass). Hummel's work is a permanent favourite at these concerts, having now been heard twelve times, and never fails to create the most lively impression. Greater interest was due, however, to the introduction by Madame Essipoff of Schumann's Sonata in G minor, for pianoforte alone, given here for the first time last season, when the executant was Mr Dannreuther. Schumann composed but three sonatas, and the fact, taken in conjunction with their general character, encourages a belief that he did not feel happy at such labour. The history of the "G minor" suggests this in a special sense, the sonata being even more a result of "fits and starts," than the "Overture, Scherzo, and Finale," or the pianoforte concerto. Thus, the first movement was composed in 1831, when Schumann had just attained his majority, and devoted himself to music. The other three movements followed four years later, and, in 1838, the Finale was rewritten. Hence we have the result of three separate efforts made at intervals extending over seven years. The work thus slowly, and, as it would appear, reluctantly built up, is by no means one of the pillars of Schumann's fame. Interesting it cannot fail to be, in common with everything proceeding from so remarkable a man, and there are many passages distinguished by the composer's characteristic beauty and feeling; but the general effect is not great, for the reason, perhaps, that the various movements have but slight coherence—a natural consequence under the circumstances of their production. The work was carefully and well played by Madame Essipoff. Difficulties abound in the music, but the artist easily conquered them, and won golden opinions, not only for mechanical skill, but also for allowing Schumann to speak freely without having forced upon his utterances the "new reading," which is the most harmful weapon used for mischief by the professors of "higher development." The vocalist was Miss Thekla Friedländer, a soprano gifted with a singularly pure and agreeable voice, as well as a cultivated and expressive style. A marked sensation was made by this young lady in a charming song of Bach's, "Willst du dein Herz mir schenken?"—which had to be repeated.—*Daily Telegraph*.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The first of Mr Hallé's Choral Concerts of the present season, on Thursday last, was made memorable by the revival of Handel's *Saul*, and it is pleasant to be able to say that the oratorio was heard with unquestionable interest—with an attention, too, that increased during the performance. To mention all the impressive numbers of this oratorio would be to review the work, but I may say that *Saul*, as given by Mr Hallé, was in no sense either dreary or monotonous. The unusual interest of the oratorio is continuous; and, though the raising of Samuel, and the beautiful lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan, are perhaps the finest portions of the oratorio, the choruses and airs in the earlier parts include some of Handel's grandest inspirations. The performance was admirable; and, if Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, by her singing of the air for the "Witch of Endor" gave us one of the most splendid examples of sacred dramatic singing ever heard, it may be said that the singing of all her colleagues was worthy of the occasion. The other singers were Miss Katherine Poyntz, Madame Patey, and Messrs Lloyd, Foli, and Lovatt. The band and chorus were both efficient, and the success of the oratorio with the audience was frequently testified by loud applause.

Here is the programme for this week's concert:—

Overture, *Die Zauberflöte* (Mozart); Cavatina, "Una voce poco fa," *Il Barbiere* (Rossini)—Mdlle Zaré Thalberg; Caprice, Allegro gioioso, pianoforte, in E, Op. 22 (W. S. Bennett)—Mr. Charles Hallé; Air, "Batti, batti," *Don Giovanni* (Mozart)—Mdlle Zaré Thalberg; "Suite," No. VI. in C, Op. 150, first time (Franz Lachner); Overture, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Mendelssohn); Solo Pianoforte, (a) Nocturne, in F minor, (b) Grande Polonaise, in A flat (Chopin)—Mr. Charles Hallé; Entr'acte, from *Manfred*, Reinecke; Aria and Valz, *Fra Diavolo* (Auber)—Mdlle Zaré Thalberg; Overture, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (O. Nicolai).

Mr Carl Rosa commenced his third campaign of English opera at the Theatre Royal on Monday last. The *Marriage of Figaro* was given, with the same cast as in London, and last night (Tuesday) a splendid performance of *Fra Diavolo* followed. Mr Santley, as the brigand chief, achieved a great success.

NEW YORK.—The English Opera season at Booth's Theatre began with *Mignon*. Miss Kellogg was the heroine; Miss Beaumont, Frederick; Miss Julia Rosenwald, Fillina; Mr Castle, Wilhelm Meister; and Mr Peakes, Lothario. Verdi's *Ernani* followed, with Mdmé Van Zandt as Elvira, Mr Geo. A. Conly as the Duke, Mr Carlton, Don Carlos, and Mr Castle, Ernani; and then came Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*. Miss Kellogg, as Arline, never sang better in her life, and Mr Seguin, as the Gipsy Queen, fairly shared the honours with her. Mr Maas has improved immensely, and his performance of Thaddeus was one that had not been equalled in this city for some years. "When other lips," and "The fair land of Poland," very narrowly escaped triple encores. *Faust* was the next opera, Miss Kellogg representing Marguerite. Miss Kellogg's performance was a splendid one. Mr Maas again charmed the audience by the freshness of his voice. He is graceful and earnest in everything, and controls his voice with admirable discretion. Mr Peakes was Mephisto, Mr Carleton, Valentine, and Mrs Seguin, Siebel. This was followed by Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, Mdmé Jenny Van Zandt assuming the part of Valentine and achieving a success far beyond anything anticipated. Miss Anne Montague, of Baltimore, made her new York debut as Margherita. Mrs Seguin was Urbano, Mr Conly, Marcel, and Messrs Castle, Carleton, and Peakes, Raoul, Nevers, and St Bris. The *Bohemian Girl* was repeated at a *matinée*, and in the evening *Fra Diavolo* was given, with Mdmé Van Zandt as Zerlina. The operas announced are *Il Trovatore*, *The Bohemian Girl*, *Martha*, and, first time in America, Sir Julius Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*, Miss Kellogg being the Eily O'Connor, and Mr Henry Allen (his first appearance), Myles-na-Coppaleen.—The *New York Herald* says of Miss Kellogg's Marguerite:—"Acting with more than usual care, and avoiding a propensity to indulge in by-play, the lady presented a charming ideal of Goethe's heroine. In the garden scene and at the death of Valentin, the beauty and compass of Miss Kellogg's voice were shown in all their brilliancy; Mr Maas as Faust was clear and conscientious, and he sang well. Indeed, this artist improves upon acquaintance, for he possesses the faculty of reserving his force, and thus maintains his part with honour. Mr Carleton was Valentine, and Mr Peakes, Mephisto.—(From a Correspondent, with leanings.)

GOUNOD AND BIG THEATRES.

(From the "Graphic.")

M. Gounod, who, we are pleased to learn, is gradually recovering from the effects of an accident that might have put his life in imminent peril, already shows himself able to enter with warm interest upon discussions affecting the art of which he is one of the chief existing ornaments. He firmly repudiates the idea of a vast opera house, capable of accommodating from 9,000 to 10,000 spectators at cheap prices. Among other passages contained in his vigorous disclaimer, it will be enough to cite the following:—

"Pas de Colossal.—C'est la MORT de l'art musical, surtout au théâtre, où la trop grande distance entre le chanteur et l'auditeur supprime toute physionomie et toute intérêt, et réduit le chanteur à se surmener dans le vide."

We entirely agree with M. Gounod, with the addition that his objection applies just as powerfully to concert rooms as to theatres, and this notwithstanding the fact of M. Davioud and M. Bourdais (both men of science), the former from an optical, the latter from an acoustical point of view, protesting that the scheme of a "vaste salle d'Opera populaire" is quite feasible. The idea originated with M. Adolphe Sax, inventor and manufacturer of the family of wind instruments appropriately styled "Saxophones."

EDMOND ABOUT.

Edmond François Valentin About was born in 1828, at Dience, and is therefore 47 years old at the present date. He early evinced fondness for metaphysical speculations, and at 20 bore off the honours and prizes in philosophy at the "Charlemagne." At this age he entered the Normal College, which he soon abandoned for the French school at Athens. In this city he worked assiduously, employing even his leisure in studying the archæology and the contemporary history of Greece. His first volume, *La Grèce Contemporaine*, was a trenchant satire upon Greek life, and created a considerable sensation. Athens was especially enraged at the slurs alike upon the ancient courage and the modern honour of the Hellenes. The volume was applauded by the *Revue des deux Mondes*, which published the succeeding work of the young author,—a novel, entitled, *Tolla: A Tale of Modern Rome*.

This book excited criticism afresh, and it was asserted that the entire narrative had been borrowed from an Italian work published in Paris in 1841. About acknowledged, in the concluding paragraphs of his book, his indebtedness to the Italian story—which was a true one, by the way—for the materials of his romance; but, as the original publication had been suppressed on its issue, it was impossible to say how much he had borrowed and how much invented. *Tolla* was, at all events, a fascinating work, and for a time monopolized the conversation in the Parisian salons.

The next literary attempt of About was in the direction of the drama, but proved an absolute failure. In 1855 he published a work on art-criticism, styled *Voyages Travers l'Exposition des Beaux Arts*, and in 1856 a popular collection of stories under the name of *Les Mariages de Paris*. He now became one of the staff of *Figaro*, and afterwards found a place on the *Moniteur*, contributing romances and *causeries*, the latter often made up of art criticisms, afterwards reprinted in a volume. In 1857 About was one of the editors of the *Learned Ass*, a singular and short-lived sheet containing every variety of eccentric literature. In 1862 About published a second drama, which was withdrawn after four representations in Paris of the most "tumultuous character." The piece was played for several weeks in provincial towns, exciting the liveliest manifestations. At this time About was connected with the *Constitutionnel* as well as the *Moniteur*.

After extensive travels in Italy in 1858 and 1859, About produced *La Question Romaine*, a political effusion advocating the abolition of the temporal power of the Pope. In 1858 he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour from the Emperor, in whose service he had for some time been. During the Franco-Prussian war About acted as special correspondent, but his exciting letters were suddenly cut short, or rather modified, by his incarceration in a German prison. About married in 1864.

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard gave a *matinée* at Steinway Hall, on Thursday afternoon, the 21st ult., before a select and critical audience, who listened to a very classical programme with profound attention. Mme Goddard's selections were: *Fantasia*, Op. 78, Franz Schubert; *Thirty-two variations on an original air*, Op. 36, Beethoven; *Fantasia*, W. Friedeman Bach; *Waltz*, Op. 34, No. 2, Chopin, and "*Study in E flat*," Thalberg. The fair artist laid out for herself a good deal of hard work, but she proved herself full able to sustain the pressure with honour and success. In all she did Mme Goddard exhibited careful and intelligent study, and a fine appreciation of her authors, together with a rare refinement of expression. Her touch is exceedingly beautiful, being at once delicate, sensitive, firm and nervous. Her performance throughout was received with tokens of warm admiration, and the desire to hear her again was proven by frequent recalls and implied encores, to which she rarely responded. Mme Goddard was assisted by Mr Tom Karl and M. Saurat.—*Watson's Art Journal*.

HOWARD GLOVER.—The death of this well-known English musician, at New York—on the 28th ult., in his 57th year—is announced in the local papers. Howard Glover was second son of the once celebrated actress, Mrs Glover. In his earliest youth he showed a predilection for music, and was sent both to Italy and Germany to pursue his studies. He attained marked proficiency as violinist, composer, and singer, adding to this a mastery of languages, and a general culture, that not too many of his fellow artists could boast. In England Mr Glover was chiefly occupied as a teacher, imparting to others the practical experience he himself had gained after years of diligent application. He, at the same time, won no small distinction as a composer. The works by which he is principally known are an opera in three acts, founded upon Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*, of which he wrote both libretto and music; and a characteristic cantata, called *Tam O'Shanter* (first produced at the Birmingham Festival), for which the immortal poem of Robert Burns supplied the theme. He was, however, also author of many beautiful songs, set to verses by Shelley and other poets. Seven years ago Mr Glover left England for America, whence he never returned. He has left a large family.—*Graphic*.

Rejected lover—"But couldn't you learn to love me?" Young lady—"I might, if I never saw you again."

Mr Val Prinsep, the artist, has written two or three dramas, one of which will be produced at the Court Theatre.

The *Shreveport Times* refers to a contemporary as "a sickly jackass who edits a paper half the size of his ears."

M. Gounod has almost entirely recovered from his late accident. The last bandages have been taken off his shoulder.

The subscriptions to the proposed memorial of Lord Byron, in London, amount to £2,000. Further help is required.

The publication of the first volume of a large work on Haydn is announced at Berlin. This author is Herr C. F. Pohl.

At a concert at Florence recently a "grand fantasia" for 12 pianos was executed by twice as many young ladies playing at once.

The charming Miss Ada (she should have been Aida) Cavendish has been giving a series of performances at the Brighton Theatre.

After nearly three years' absence from New York, Mr Edwin Booth has made his reappearance at Fifth Avenue Theatre as Hamlet.

The Abbate Franz Liszt will pass the winter at Rome. He has scored his "Hungarian Rhapsody" for the Pinelli Orchestral Society.

Mr Arthur Sullivan's comic cantata, *Trial by Jury*, was represented for the first time in America on the 22nd of October, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

Déjazet is again seriously ill. She was forced to take to her bed after the performance on behalf of M. Grenier, and has since been growing gradually worse.

Mlle Ida Corani, the young vocalist whose successes in Italy and Spain have been frequently mentioned, is to make her *début* in England, at the Crystal Palace, early next month.

The Messrs Gatti have re-engaged the principal members of their orchestra for the autumn and winter of 1876—a tolerably fair test of their success this year. Sig. Arditì is again to be the conductor.

The Dean and Chapter of Hereford have granted the use of the cathedral for the festival of the Three Choirs, to be held next year in that city. At the Annual Audit Dinner the Dean expressed himself strongly on the subject.

A complimentary benefit will be given to Mr Edmund Falconer, at Drury Lane Theatre, on Wednesday, November 24th. The performance will commence at two o'clock. The piece selected for the occasion is the *Colleen Bawn*.

Mr and Mrs Charles Mathews left town last week for Brindisi en route for Calcutta.

Madame Marie Jaëll, the pianist, has just composed a quartet for piano and stringed instruments.

The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, on the occasion of their late visit to the Haymarket Theatre, honoured Mr Buckstone by inspecting a picture painted by Mr Buckstone, jun., and expressed themselves in very complimentary terms upon its merit.

There is a chance that Herr Edward Reményi, the Hungarian violinist, may pay London another visit, after an interval of a good many years. We have many foreign violinists and many foreign pianists among us just now. One the more, however, can make little difference.

The new work of M. Victor Hugo, *Pendant l'Exil*, has been published by Michel Levy. It is the second part of *Actes et Paroles*, and is summed up by three lines on the title page:—"The Exiles.—The Graves.—The Scaffolds.—The Wars of Peoples.—The Fêtes of Kings.—Struggles for Liberty and Peace."

Miss Kate Gordon, the pianist, brought an action against the Metropolitan District Railway Company, claiming damages for an injury to one of her arms, consequent upon an alleged attempt of a guard to drag her out of a carriage she had entered. The jury returned a verdict in favour of the Railway company.

Miss Mary Fisher, a daughter of the popular comedian, Mr David Fisher, and herself a pianist of no ordinary ability, gave a *matinée musicale* at Langham Hall, Great Portland Street, on Saturday week. The concert was rendered more interesting by the fact that Mr Fisher, whose talent as a violinist is well known to the public, joined with his daughter in the performance of a grand sonata of Beethoven.

It is to be hoped that the marriage of Miss Edith Wynne, which was solemnized on Tuesday afternoon, in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, will not deprive our musical public of the artistic services of a lady, whose bardic title, "*Eos Cymri*" (Welsh Nightingale), so well befits her. We are not so rich in singers that we can afford to lose the eloquently sympathetic interpreter of Schubert's "*Young Nun*," and so many other beautiful things.—*Graphic*.

The Duke of Edinburgh lately visited the works for the construction of the New Grand National Opera House on the Victoria Embankment. He was received by Mr Mapleson and Mr Francis Fowler, the architect. His Royal Highness expressed his surprise at the great progress made on the building, and at the scope and excellence of the design. Six hundred workmen are now engaged on the edifice, and are assisted by ten steam engines.

The Executive Committee of the Ladies' Educational Association, in connection with University College London, have issued invitations to a musical lecture, to be given on Tuesday evening, November 23rd, in the Botanical Theatre of University College, Gower Street, by Professor Bernardin Rahn, in illustration of a new method of learning musical composition. Professor Rahn will be assisted by Herr Theodore Frantzen (pianist) and Herr George Werrenrath (vocalist).

Italian papers continue to speak very highly of the Young English basso, Mr Frank Foote (Francesco Franceschi). He has, during the month of October, been singing with great success at the Theatre at Monza, as Fra Cristofori in *I Promessi Sposi*, and Metello Pio Arciflamme, in *La Vestale*. He was much applauded, and called before the curtain after each piece. He is engaged to sing, this Carnival, at one of the principal theatres in Milan, and will make his appearance as the Count in *La Sonnambula*.—(*Communicated*.)

Roscoe Conkling's father was for many years a prominent man in public life, and to the last preserved a full sense of his importance. He was on one occasion present at a great public meeting where his son had entertained the delighted crowd in his usual eloquent style. An officious friend led the veteran to the front of the platform and introduced him with a great flourish as "the father of Roscoe Conkling." "Good Heavens?" said the disgusted old man. "United States Minister to Mexico, and over twenty years judge of the United States Court, and now known as the father of Roscoe Conkling!"

There's not much in a name after all,—especially in the name of a stock. The prettiest names on the California Stock Board, for instance, are not the most highly valued. The Silver Cloud and the Golden Chariot Companies have seemed to illustrate the homely maxim. Both of them are in financial difficulties, clamouring for assessments. At a recent meeting of the Golden Chariot stockholders a very indignant capitalist rose and said: "Permit me to say that I have owned Golden Chariot stock for two years; that I paid 19 dols. 50 cents a share, and have paid 9 dols. 50 cents assessments, and 'm d—d if I pay any more."

Frédéric Lemaitre is suffering from a cancer in the tongue, and his condition is thought to be serious.

The *Marriage de Victorine* of Georges Sand is shortly to be rehearsed at the Théâtre-Français. The piece, formerly represented at the Gymnase, is a sequence of the *Philosophe sans le savoir*, the characters being the same as those of Sedaine.

"Mr Barry Sullivan"—says the *Baltimore Bulletin*—"has been detailing some grievances to the inquisitor of the *Boston Times*, and has taken occasion, among other absurd things, to express belief that there has been a conspiracy against him since his arrival in this country, to prevent, if possible, his succeeding. We think Mr Sullivan has been fairly and generously treated wherever he has appeared in the United States. He is simply reaping the results which have followed hard upon the ill-advised buncombe and claptrap of his managers. He was heralded here as the greatest of living actors; he was received as if he were the Shah of Persia, or the Seyyid of Zanzibar, and when he came to play he was found to be only an ordinarily good actor with vastly more pretensions than capacity. We confess that we were more than disappointed in him as an actor, and now when he attributes his failure to a conspiracy we think it is just what might have been expected from him."

In the Royal Chapel of the Savoy, on Tuesday, Miss Edith Wynne was married to Mr Aviet Agabeg, of the Inner Temple. Among the numerous friends present were Madame Patey, Mr Cummings, Mr John Thomas, Mr Lewis Thomas, Mr Kingsbury, and other members of the musical profession. The bridesmaids were the Misses Ida and Josephine Wynne (sisters of the bride), Miss Bessie Waugh, Miss Clinton-Fynes, and Miss Patey. The bridegroom's best man was Mr J. B. F. Anson, and the bride was given away by her brother, Mr Richard Wynne. The service was read by the Rev. Henry White, M.A., chaplain of the Savoy Chapel Royal and Chaplain-in-ordinary to the Queen, assisted by the Rev. Robert Jones, who, as an old friend of the bride, preached a short sermon, in which he spoke of her virtues and the dutiful affection she had shown to her parents in their declining years. Mr Henry Frost, the organist, commenced the service with Handel's occasional overture, after which was played Wely's march in E flat. The procession music was from *Lohengrin*, and, on the departure after the ceremony, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The hymns, sung by the full choir of the chapel and by the congregation in unison, were "Be present, Holy Spirit," "To Thee, O loving Saviour," and Christina Rossetti's vespers chant, "God, the Father, we adore." As the bride and bridegroom passed down the centre aisle, after the ceremony, they were warmly congratulated by their many friends.

There is undoubtedly a vast difference between Mr John Ruskin, the author of *Fors Clavigera*, and Mrs Girling, the head of the New Forest Shakers; but on one point the gentleman seems disposed to accept the doctrine, if not to follow the practices of the lady. Mrs Girling has elevated dancing to what it seems to have been in the days of David, and what it still is in some parts of the "changeless East"—a religious exercise. With her, dancing is a manifestation of the Divinity, and the highest proof of spiritual life. Mr Ruskin does not go so far, but he holds not only that the terpsichorean art is a primal instrument of education, but also that, under certain conditions, it would become "the karol-dance of Christmas evermore." We are not sure that we quite comprehend the nature of the blessing thus described, but it must be something very good, and the question naturally arises, what are the conditions? Mr Ruskin, first of all, points out that both dancing and music can be made licentious, in which case "the dance becomes death's, and the music—a shriek of death by strychnine." But opposite results ensue when "Miriam and David, and the virgins of Israel" have the ordering of these arts; wherefore he calls upon all young ladies with aspirations after the highest good of humanity to take the work in hand, addressing them as "virgins of Israel, or England, richly clad by our kings, and 'rejoicing in the dance.'" It would appear that Mr Ruskin is most anxious for the new reformation to begin in Sunday Schools, where the catechism receives too exclusive attention. "At present," he observes, addressing the virgins aforesaid, "you keep the dancing to yourselves, and graciously teach them the catechism. Suppose you were to try for a little while learning the catechism yourselves and teaching them—to dance?" Are we to understand from this that neither the catechism nor dancing is good alone—that a knowledge of one's duty towards one's neighbour and of the Ten Commandments requires to be supplemented by proficiency in quadrille figures, and vice versa? However this may be, Mr Ruskin's idea has the charm of novelty, and we commend it to the next meeting of the Sunday School Union, who may not, perhaps, see their way to adopting it, but possibly would recognise another form of the demand for "sweetness and light," as a setting off against the hard and sordid conditions of modern existence.

Notice has been given that application will be made next Session for "an Act to make better provision for the maintenance of the Royal Albert Hall, and for that purpose to charge the members or holders of seats in the said Hall with the payment of an annual sum in respect of each seat held by them respectively, and to make provision for enforcing payment of such annual sums, and for the commutation of any such annual payments at the option of the holders of seats, for a sum in gross, and for the establishment of an endowment fund, and for the keeping of accounts, and for the appointment of trustees to see to the proper administration of the funds received under the powers of the Act."

FISHY.

I reposed at her feet in a punt near the Weir,
In the cool of the eve, when the setting sun's glare
Lends a warmth to the landscape, the head and the heart,
And we vowed that no power on earth should us part.

No guardian, no uncle, no father, no mother,
I swore should e'er keep us the one from the other;
I swore this with safety, for had'n't I been
Just informed by my darling that she *was* sixteen.

I married her shortly; though sixty years older;
Since then she has daily grown colder and colder.
But from her bad temper I've nothing to fear,
As I manage to live on her thousand a-year.

PISCATOR SENIOR.

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ORGANIST OF ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK.

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